

# THE CARPATHIAN

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JOURNAL OF FLORENCE BALCOMBE STOKER

"I'm a Legacy."

SCREENPLAY BY  
by Miu Jacqueline

adaptation for the screen from  
CARPATHIAN  
"Journal of Florence Balcombe Stoker"

Category thriller horror comedy

Family audience

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**ACT 1****FADE IN:****(2013) - LONDON - SUBWAY - RAIN - EXT. - EXPLOSIONS - A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE DAWN**

A black Ferrari sidetracks the chaser car hurtling in the midst of the deserted city streets. Dense clouds and hunt noises. The car brusquely brakes. The driver pushes the hooded boy towards the subway access. Peter glimpses the short shadow. He turns himself around. He is shot. He Shoots in turn. The individual behind him falls to the ground. He runs away. He obscures the cameras on his way with a spray. He looks around and takes a back door. He opens it. He climbs down for five floors. Various sounds. Rubbish. He runs holding a flashlight in his hand. He looks at his shoulders. He arrives in front of an half-open door. The room is burned down, there is smoke and an acrid smell but the two giant freezers in the middle of the room, are still functioning. The plastic tubes are connected to the freezers and there are two men over large boxes. The tubes come into their wrists. A mouse appears in the room, it smells the air and runs out. The boy pushes the door with an iron pipe that is then left to the ground together with the flashlight and then he enters in the room.

**FLORENCE V.O. SAME TIME**

It's the story of a ransom. SUPERSTITIONS AND LEGENDS spoke of him as a monster, a human hunter but he was only one survivor. I followed him from a planet contaminated of omnipotence and I tried to integrate myself into this new world by creating a family, with the hope to reach him. He was a fugitive, a good king but I more, I was an "angel" that in the Universe 12 means a being with absolute power and those like me, would come soon to destroy the Earth, the place he had chosen for his exile. I'll tell you about me Florence Balcombe Stocker and about him, Draco the Carpathian and our son Peter Serzovsky who had not inherited our immortality from birth when we had decided to give him up for adoption so our enemies could not find him. One of these is Cal Van Helsing, a ruthless assassin who had sworn to kill us. Helsing has become immortal through a cell regenerating serum discovered by Marie Curie centuries earlier. Modern times have forced us to find Peter and before the world knew the violence

of an alien armada of angels, before Cal Van Helsing understood that we had a son, Draco and I had to teach our heir that anyone could attempt any war for love.

**LONDON - SUBWAY - ROOM - DARK**

PETER is looking for something inside the room.

"A male voice coming from one of the freezers"

**DRACO V. O.**

Petersitter, you're late. They followed you and I'm tired of correcting your messes. We only need a "danke" or "spasiva" a meager "merci" (Peter doesn't answer) but I leave you to your gifts.

PETER quarrels with the torch.

**PETER**

(Sweat wipes his face)

Fuck ya man! Am I your fish? Now, tell me if I am your fish! I was not the only one they were following, you should know that the vultures wheels around dead bodies!

**PETER**

The world goes to hell and here, everything goes on as if we were at the Willy Wonka's factory!

All sweaty, Peter cleans the sweat on his forehead with his sleeve. He keeps his hands on his knees to catch his breath. Staring at the tubes, he ironically says "What if I disconnected them?"

**PETER V. O.**

The whole city of London shoots me, but to you, (he raises his hands to the sky) don't care!

Serzowsky examines the faces of the men and the rope around their neck attached to some pipes in the ceiling. He's seventeen years old, but his expression discloses the tormented life he has led.

**SERZOWSKY**

(pointing his finger - You're mine, asshole!)

You're the one who killed my little sister do you remember me? Unfortunately for you I'm not dead...

"Female voice from one of the freezer"

**FLORENCE V. O.**

(Persuasive)

Peter I want you to know that for me that's just pathetic. Tortures are no longer fashionables, the Middle Ages are outmoded and he is the one who would need a new analyst?! Peter control your rage.

**PETER**

(To the prisoner)

You sucker! The water coming from the taps in London sucks and you know why? Because they don't purify the pee of deceitful individuals like you.

(the prisoner growls amused)

People whose shit can't be cleaned with any acid. The jungle would place you on the first rung of the food chain.

**DRACO V. O.**

Some animals need a cage to redeem themselves and if it doesn't happen, you have to leave them free to deal with their enemy, right?

**PRISONER**

Fuck you baby booo! Kiss my asshole. (spits again) When Cal will come, you'll all be nothing but meat for pigs.

(He spits on Peter and shows with the head at his genitals) Gnam, gnam!

**PETER**

(turns around in the room ... he hums *strawberries fields forever*, in a lather ... He chews a giant Big Babol)

**FLORENCE (V. O.)**

Revenge will not satisfy you as you think. Don't listen to Babbol Father and go away. I'll take care of the coshon.

**PETER**

(Talking at the freeze)  
 You're kidding? What a fucking joke! (scratches his head)  
 I didn't go to Jennie's funeral, they could be there and kill us all? The day is so long for poor humans like us chased like rats. Have you ever think about disinfestations?

(He looks at the killer)

**PRISONER**

Mommy can't help you pussy? Uhh.

**PETER**

(counting the Big Babol in his jacket)  
 You dead man, have a credo? It's true, I could abstain from killing you now but in this moment I have a doubt.

**PRISONER**

I love young pussies, and I can show you how a real man is.

**PETER**

(closes his eyes angry)  
 My beloved sister loved so much Big Babol. Anyway can you tell us who will defends us from people like you? Which damn politician, which government's bloodsucker, cares about poor numbers like us? No one takes the shit away from our streets.

**DRACO**

Give him e lesson. I'm thirsty.

**PETER**

(Ignoring Draco)

One day you wake up and you realize that you have to get your hands dirty and if it pleases you, just know that I will remember you. You're the first one that I kill and believe me I fuck of consciousness; I let it to TV preachers. Living thanks to the politics just means that this people can comfortably survive without breaking their neck at work.

**FLORENCE V.O.**

Don't do it. Draco, stop him.

**DRACO V.O.**

Is not a kid any longer! In hard times history needs tough men.

**FLORENCE**

(loud whisper)

Ahh ...

**PETER**

(He looks at the palms of his hands and spits inside)

You must become someone like them, otherwise, my dear killer, you're fucked!

(he addresses to the half-open door of the freezers)

Gentlemen ... I want neither to kill nor to learn how to do it, but Jennie was only twelve years old and she has deserved sixteen bullets in her head.

(screams)

Which kind of animal does this to a baby girl?

(then to Florence)

Why should I defend you when you're not even able to protect me?

**PETER (CONT'D)**

(He cries then he laughs)

I'm ridiculous but less than those who could avoid this situation.

**DRACO V. O.**

Petersquitter, we are just walking monsters. If it was night, we would follow you... You are our strength and our eyes during the day, when we have neither strength nor endurance. Your loved ones will be avenged.

**FLORENCE V. O.**

Peter, sweetheart, remember that revenge will not bring your loved ones back to you. Killing will not satisfy you, it will only open new wounds over the old ones.

(Peter turns to the prisoners while he reads a message on his mobile phone)

Now, choke your liver with your filthy ass! I have only seven minutes free before breakfast, if you do not mind, I'd better hurry...

PETER LOW VOICE

(No hard feelings asshole!)

He pushes with his leg (Florence whispers "don't do it.") the boxes below the first prisoner dangling with a noose around his neck. Peter cries for pain and satisfaction.

V. O.

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

**DRACO V. O.**

How does it feel to kill enemy?

Peter vomits.

(A laugh from the freezer V. O.)

**FLORENCE V.O.**

(to Draco)

Cut the crap, dear.

**PETER**

(near a voice inside his head)  
 Peter you're not a monster. Calm  
 down.

(he closes his eyes - he sees the face of Jennie  
 and then his disfigured face)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh. (shouts.)  
 I can't! Jennie, I can't stand  
 looking at them!

(he clenches his fists and fixed his  
 sister's killers)

**LATER**

**(2013) TUNNEL - ROOM INT. DARK - FLOOR**

Other male voices piled under a large wire mesh,  
 crying out for help. Cursing...

**PRISONER 1**

(dying voice)

You won't know anything from me,  
 understand Draco? This will be the  
 last night for y...

"He spits on Peter"

I'm not afraid of you pisser.

(He moves the neck trying to loosen the noose  
 that tightens him)

**PRISONER 1**

But remember that Cal will take  
 your balls shoving them into your  
 throat, and that will happen just  
 after having showed you what he  
 will do with your brain matter -  
 are you ready fucking idiot?

He dies.

**PETER**



(He stares at him with a sense of disgust)  
 Never do to your neighbor what he  
 could do to you! Ciao soggy meat!  
 ... four!

(He wipes his hands on his pants)

He hears the same whisper again  
 "don't do it" but he shakes his  
 head trying not to listen to it.

I swear that I'm so fucking scared  
 too.

PETER tightens the noose to second man who stares  
 at him terrified.

**PETER**

(scornful.)

Five! Six!

"He spits in his palms"

**PRISONER 2**

Let me go. I, I'll tell you where  
 you can find Cal. I have a son, you  
 know, I'm begging you. I didn't  
 want ...

Peter approached his ear to the man who whispers  
 something. The man is still talking when the tip  
 of the shoe pushes the carton. "Crack" The head  
 is broken. He dies.

**PETER**

(histrionic, with red eyes from  
 crying)  
 Gentlemen I have to tell you that I  
 am still very angry!

(two voices started to whisper simultaneously  
 inside his head, a feminine one "don't do it" and  
 a masculine one "kill him, it's your revenge")

Enough! (He shouts out to the  
 sarcophagi)  
 I will finish this human stew and  
 then I'll go to have a drink,  
 that's what I'll do! I'll get

drunk! What else could I do, huh?  
 (shouts out to the prisoners)  
 Tell me what to do with those who  
 kill off children? (He cries but he  
 stops abruptly)

He collects the tube. He thinks ("It can go!").  
 He squeezes it well with both hands. He spins it  
 over his head then he hits the wire mesh,  
 containing the other prisoners, with full force.  
 A pool of blood flooded beneath his feet.

**PETER**

(strained)

... and seven!  
 STROKE - This is for Jennie!  
 Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!  
 "TAFF"

(stroke and screams and stroke again)

"TAFF"

This is for my parents, they were  
 not the greatest ones, but they  
 were all I had!

"He turns himself toward the freezers "

Not bad eh? I don't know what about  
 you, but I have to throw something in  
 the stomach (he rubs his belly).

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**HALLWAY TUNNEL - INT. DARK - SILENCE**

Peter attacks the Big Babol to the stick. He  
 takes the mobile phone from his pants. He types  
 "how were the auditions." A Beep of response. He  
 reads. "I broke a couple of glasses, they told me  
 that I would be a perfect phenomenon for X  
 Factor." Peter says. "Breakfast?" Beep of  
 response. He reads. "Yes! luv ya ". He slips into  
 the corridor with the flashlight on.

**PETER**

(very loudly toward the door of the room)  
 I forgot ... Cal is here! It's time to get up!

The lids of the freezers opens up. The first to come out is a man in his fifties, thin and pale, scarred, in dark clothing sports. He tears the needle and the tube and he goes toward the hallway, he approaches Peter to smell him and the boy answers with a grimace of disgust. The woman, in her thirties, beautiful but cold, she is sitting on the body of the first hanged man and she silently stares at the ceiling.

#### **DRACO**

It wasn't that bad to sleep here even if it was so tight.

(he turns toward the exit of the tunnel)

Yes ... they are coming.

(he touches the deep scar on his face and raises his head to sniff the air)

Go! I have to conserve energy for my appetizing hounds. I'll call you as soon as I finish.

(He looks at Peter with satisfaction)

Revenge has a certain taste hasn't it?

(Peter replies, "Fuck you.")

#### **FLORENCE**

PETER go to the station, hide yourself. Go ahead, we'll reach you.

(He puts rolls of banknotes in his pocket).

Any train, we'll find you.

#### **FLORENCE**

(She turns to Draco)  
 Remember that if I should die, I'd like a beautiful death and no, I'm not going anywhere, I want to have fun with you.

**DRACO (V. O.)**

A beautiful death? Ha! However, you'll never stop contradicting me.

**PETER & FLORENCE**

Who? Me?

Florence V. O.

(You have to stop telling me what I must do or not to do!)

**FLORENCE**

(throwing the bodies in the freezers)

When that guy said tonight, he meant that they'll kill us?

(with her eyes toward the ceiling)  
 Peter are you with us? Anything new up there?

**PETER**

There is a strange movement in the sky. A lot of hunt, but nobody in town.

(he turns to Draco)

Cal has promised to kill everyone I know! I lost my family and I feel as if they spat some acid in my stomach and there are more planes in the sky today than cars in the street.

(Another message. He reads it.)

I should go. There was Jennie's funeral today ...

**DRACO**

We're all doomed to die.

**PETER**

Crap! Fuck! She was my sister! You, you don't have anything inside that useless body. You could stop them. I've done everything for you. Everything! Am I your fish? Tell me that I'm your fish.

(he started checking the tunnel with the flashlight again)

#### **DRACO**

Peterpet those like me are neither boring nor sentimental. We can say that we have more fears than mortals like you. And concerning your sister believe me, I'm sorry but she will certainly not come back from the dead. You couldn't do anything. The daylight is our enemy.

(He opens the palms disarmed)

#### **PETER**

(he stops and sadly looks ahead)  
I thought I was your accomplice, it would have helped me feeling better. My family would have lived better, but the money didn't help any of us. We were hunted down like animals and now I'm like them, I'm like you. A murderer who pretends to forget but nightmares don't forget about you!  
(quietly)

It's useless to talk about it with you. Me or another, you don't mind what happens to us while you chew blood instead of hamburgers.

#### **FLORENCE**

Leave us your troubles and go. Your pain is evident and your loss is clearly important, but sometimes we are powerless, we can fix that, if you want. We are not perfect, we depend on someone, on something too  
...

(Draco V.O.) "Stop it now!"

#### **DRACO**

Yes! Okay! We have to find another place, we have less than an hour (looking at cell phone) before the dawn. All this dregs is mine and is for me that they are looking for. I'll reach you.

(Florence closes the freezers and stares at the ceiling)

A rain of fire eh?

**DRACO**

(addressing Peter)

The events are never like we expected. Sometimes fear is the best defense. You have to kill in order to avoid being killed. Think about what you did and repeat that in your head, I do this to avoid dying too. You have to defend yourself! They have shown that you are an easy mark. Kill them Peter because they would kill you!

(froths! V. O. Florence)

**DRACO V. O.**

He would be already dead, but he realized that none can defend an innocent, besides him. Maybe you'll get used to that or maybe not, but sometimes not to die means having to fight.

**Peter V. O.**

(you're just two assholes - you had to become actors - he's just taking the mick out of you, understand Peter?)

The long corridor is endless. Peter runs.

**Florence V. O.**

(to Draco)

We made a deal and you know that you have to maintain it. I don't mean to leave you. We must resist, not just for us (and she points her finger at Peter)

She stares at something beyond the ceiling.

(Florence V. O.)

"I think we need to talk to Peter  
as soon as possible."

**CUT TO:**

**(1880) - LONDON - STEET - SAND STORM - DAY**

Frightened people running in all directions looking for a shelter. The woman - remains standing, staring at the being that comes out of the storm. It has the head of an animal with long fangs. She runs away and suddenly, the earth opens up under her feet, making her falling on deaf ears ... she shouts! The being clings to her and everything becomes a bright light. She feels the pain. She calls for help but nobody answers! She's trapped in her body. She shouts again. The light enters into her mouth. Her body calms down. She understands everything.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**BEDROOM - NIGHT - INT.**

RAPID HEARTBEAT...

Florence opens her eyes. Sweaty.

**FLORENCE**

All these things are just  
absurdities Florence. Fantasies.  
It's just a dream, a stupid dream  
...

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) SUBWAY TUNNEL - CORRIDOR - DARK INT.**

Peter runs in the corridors up to the stairs that lead to the surface. Two voices coming from behind are following him.

**FLORENCE**

(To Draco)  
I want to go home! I want a life  
without any more sacrifices ...

**DRACO**

Who wouldn't like it? This fucking  
dimension was your choice.  
(She flips the birds behind his  
back)

"I saw you!"

(She answers V. O.)  
"Don't talk nonsense!"

**PETER (V. O.)**

Crap, you don't even have a home.  
You are pathetic! You don't need to  
tell the others that you are what  
you are! Living dead ...

(Shit! You should already know it!)

... They don't have a home, a  
family, they have nothing. They  
nicely dwell in the underground and  
sleep.  
They don't use teenagers for their  
sadistic commissions.

**DRACO**

You know Peterboy, you should show  
a bit of gratitude and education  
and should also tone down otherwise  
...

**PETER**

What? You'll turn me into a  
vampire? But weren't you on the  
path of redemption?

The vampire's hideous face is now against the  
boy's face, "growling!"

**DRACO (V. O.)**

What is consuming you from inside?  
Why are you always having at me?  
You think you have your own sorrow,  
but pain belongs to anybody. You  
are not the only one who have lost  
his family and you're not the only  
one who fights to stay alive.



**PETER**

(Fuck off! rude hand gesture)  
 You know the relocation? You,  
 monster of darkness, without me  
 you'd be only an handful of ashes  
 and you'd be...

(he turns his head to talk to the invisible  
 Florence)

... only a sad inscription on an  
 urn.

(He turns to Florence, questioning)

**PETER**

Thank you, thank you for making me  
 feel a pathetic human being. After  
 all, who am I? A lousy killer that  
 saves your ass during day just  
 because the dear monsters are  
 sleeping during the day, right  
 Peter? If I am pathetic then you  
 are what? You know what? your  
 reality is even sadder ... than my  
 whole shitty and meaningless life.

Two shadows follow PETER who uses the mobile  
 phone as a flashlight.

**DRACO**

(gloomily)  
 We all have to adapt ourselves.  
 These are difficult times.  
 (in Romanian)  
 Let's wait!

"Staring at the ceiling,  
 disappointed"  
 Not good ...

The sound of a text message arrives to Peter. He  
 reads and points the phone toward the entrance.

**PETER**

When will this useless hunt finish?  
That asshole never gives up. Cal  
has more superpowers than you,  
that's alarming..

(Florence V. Off)  
It will end soon, trust me.

**PETER**

(writes a text message.)  
With you is like being in a brand  
new episode of Doctor Who, you  
never know what will happen to you  
at any moment. Come into your  
Tardis and find a job, I don't  
know, like a flock of allosaurus,  
and suck their blood, they've got  
enough of it! I should go back to  
school and stop listening to you.

**FLORENCE**

(Remorseful)  
It would be better. You'd be safe.  
We were totally wrong from the  
beginning but we did it for your  
own good.  
We have to tell you ...

(she turns herself toward Draco)  
It's your turn!

Draco shakes his head no and shrugs.

**PETER**

(he curses and cleans the blood-  
stained mobile phone)  
I want a normal life and not being  
safe. I would like to remember my  
mother's hug if I've ever had a  
mother. I hate monsters ...

DRACO (V. O.)  
In spite of their mask, some  
monsters have a greatest heart  
than those who show their most  
beautiful face to the world.

**PETER**

(He stops to take breath)

I hate blood ...

(He runs. He stops)

**PETER**

(takes another breath keeping his hands on the knees)

... and I hate running without knowing in which slimy and smelly corner of the city I'll be sleeping. I remind you that the people of this planet slee ...

Roar! The concrete wall falls down on him. The flashlight falls lighting up the entrance of the tunnel. Florence and Draco disappear into the darkness.

(Peter VOICE OFF)

"Damn ...!"

Noises of running people.

"fuck! Ouch! ... ahhh!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**(2013) TUNNEL - RUINS- DARKNESS - INT.**

An agile and lean little guy, behind the fallen wall, jumps on the stones with a gun and starts shooting wooden stakes.

"Peek-a-boo!"

Another one behind him advances shooting bullets that thanks to the air contact and the velocity, fry to the point of having the apex of fire. The gunfire continued. The mercenaries advanced shooting.

**THE LITTLE MAN**

(amused)

"Today we're eating fried bats or dog stew (with tiny voice) right Draco? If I ate you, is there a chance to become immortal?"

Two other mercenaries protected the first ones backs. Around ten fanatic men jumped into the tunnel running and shooting towards the end of the gallery, the walls, the floor and the darkness in front of them. Detonation of things that quickly cut the air striking in all directions: walls, floor, etc. ... A third unknown, a very tall one, takes Peter by the neck and relieves him from the ground. Peter fights and tries to reach his back in order to catch the gun. The little man, quickly drops a hint to his boss toward Peter's direction.

#### **CAL**

(He swings his head with disappointment and his hand turns an elegant pocket watch taken from the waistcoat of his designer clothes.)

Viper, you idiot! Tell me what are you shooting to?

(He looks Peter into his eyes)  
So pup, want you to call E.T. home?

(he addresses Viper once again)

We have to kill them and not having dinner together after the shooting. Hurry up! He's a vampire and not a baby on a tricycle.

Viper kicks Peter's hand as soon as the latter tries to search for the gun once again. Cal shoots Peter's right arm.

A SHOT!

A sharp cry of pain.

BANG! A second blow.

Another longer scream. The man fixed Peter and shoves his watch in his mouth.

#### **CAL**

(smiles)  
 If you're a vampire ...  
 (He touches his genitals with the  
 gun's barrel)  
 ... you won't die.

Two voices in unison coming from the  
 darkness:

VOICE OFF  
 "Leave him alone motherfucker!!"

Cal's gun aims at the head and then slides down.  
 Two more shots hit the right palm. Peter screams  
 looking at his bleeding palm. Blood splatters in  
 Cal's the face who draw the gun in the middle of  
 Peter's eyes while he's crouched on the ground.

### CAL

(Ironically)  
 Guys, you know that you've used up  
 all the dimensions in which you  
 could escape.

(he opens a bottle of fluorescent pills and eats  
 some of them)

It has been fun to share this  
 immortality with you, but I need to  
 kill you in order to improve  
 myself.

(and he looks at the bottle of  
 pills)

... My medicine. Draco, how much  
 energy do you still have? Give it  
 up. Nowadays Satan doesn't fly like  
 a bat but he is in his cage, inside  
 a museum and humans like me will  
 pay to see you and to have a few  
 laughs! I think this little guy is  
 human.

(He wryly observes him)

Is that your after dinner candy? I  
 noticed that you only choose fresh  
 food from the pantry of His  
 Majesty. I may taste it with you,  
 what do you think about it?

He takes some more fluorescent pills from his pocket and swallows them with a sense of revulsion. He sticks his boot into the Peter's chest who is now curled up screaming.

**CAL**

Good Boy!

**FLASH TO:**

**INT. DARK - TUNNEL**

A black vortex moves forward in the tunnel.

**DRACO**

Ehy you asshole! Were you looking for me? Let me see you Cal, heir of some poor wolf hunters more infected with hatred and violence than a vampire. You're so flatulent with your bastard and opulent hunter attitude, whose heart in that chest is less inviting than a latrine full of shit. Do you really think to be a badass stronger than me? Let me see it!

(tauntingly)

Only sissies can do such a thing, you know Cal? So now you need to shoot at the babies to feel like a great man? Real men don't do it, but if you feel like a sissy, well - I know some little games.

**CAL**

You're just a filthy animal. Actually, animals have an heart so you what are you, an insect? You picked the wrong age to hide yourself.

**CAL (CONT'D)**

Nowadays we're not afraid of demons, we capture them and then we bring them to the zoo. You'll be a clown paid to do what you already do so well, the clown.

(He changes the tone of his voice)

Nowadays it is easier to find your carcasses, you've got a cell phone and even a home ... be so vain is worthwhile!

His men are positioned around him, ready to shoot. Viper draw the barrel on Peter. All the switched on flashlights burned out.

**DRACO**

Cowardice is a bad habit and you didn't lose it.

**CAL**

I had a good teacher.

**DRACO**

(before him)

You must be desperate if you've started killing innocent people just to find me. Your wondrous medicines have ceased to work? You're just a poor drug addict who is pursuing an impossible dream.

**CAL**

(He rubs the clock's wire inside Peter's mouth)

This squirt gave me his squalid family.

(To Peter)

Do you know how much have the little girl cried out before dying, don't you know? She implored me while I was pushing the rifle's barrel under her short skirt! Oh, oh, please no!

Isn't she tasty? It is said that the human intestine is ten meters long, but I needed just two of them, it came out with this knife, oh yes ...

(he shows the yarn to Peter that screams - he receives another kick - Peter vomits)

Yes ... she was gripped but in the end she liked it.

**CAL**

(he puts his watch in his pocket.)

And now that we've done with the introductions?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

Dark. Feeble noises and beastly breath. Shots. Cal shoots his wooden tips from a rifle. Peter grabs a rock throwing it against Cal's ankle - Viper pounced on Peter but Draco jumps on Viper who looks at his heart (throbbing) in the mouth of the giant wolf - Viper slumps - Draco turns into a man and wends towards Cal, who is wounded but still standing.

**DRACO**

Let's battle it out! Only you and me! Recall your toadies and deal with an adult who is more than three thousand years old ... Do you want some vampire blood to become immortal, so earn it !  
(He licks his long fangs)

Darkness. Draco grabs Cal's throat but Cal gets rid stabbing Draco with a stake.

**CAL V. Off**

You're too old for this reality, asshole - Go back in your hell as a parasite, if you can.

Enraged, Draco jumps on Cal who stoops and shows the gun's barrel inside the boy's mouth holding the rifle behind his back with his free hand. He charges it and shoots. Boom! A rap. Cal and Draco



fall down. Florence uses her nail as a dagger on the neck of the enemy. The blood spurts out. She is going to wound him for the second time but Cal succeed in setting himself free and lets her fall down. Still wounded, Draco turns into a wolf and jumps on Cal. Florence helps Peter but two others dodgy individuals start shooting stakes in all directions. Peter falls.

**FLORENCE**

(in Cal's ear)

I could eat you starting (she grabs his balls) from here. Would there still be some drops of blood in this old body?

(She sniffs him and licks the blood coming out from his neck and then she spits it out)

**CAL**

(tightening his wounded neck )

I'm not afraid of you bloodsucking whore. I'll kill you and I'll drink Burgundy watching your burning bones in my fireplace.

Screams coming from the stairs. Voices and dog's woofs.

**CAL**

See you soon, my friends. Come on! Shoot on sight! (running away, he tramples Peter's body ).

Shots.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**(2013) SUBWAY TUNNEL - DARK- INT.**

Tunnel. Viewfinder's lights coming from the entrance of the aisle.

Soldiers V. O.

"Lay down your arms! Don't move! "

Men's shouts, dog's woofs advancing in the corridors. Gunshots in the distance.

"Here! Come here!" a soldier shouts from the room.

A man with an elegant coat is carried on others men arms up to the burned room. An agent opens a portable chair near the freezers. A light is ignited by a portable generator. The man with the coat looks inside the freezers, he throws his cigarette burning it out with a wheel of the chair. He stares at the ruins and blood and he bends to wipe his shoe with an handkerchief kept in the pocket of his dark coat, with a sense of repugnance.

#### **DETECTIVE**

Which one of these geniuses can tell me where are the authors of this complete mess? A moment ago there was a noise equal to the one we can hear in a cinema and now we're just dumb spectators of a finished up show ? Futz?

#### **FUTZ**

(fathead!)

Futz erroneously draws the rifle's barrel toward the man sitting on the wheelchair and the down-hearted detective shift the barrel with his hand.

#### **FUTZ**

Detective Holmes, the ruins are hot and there is blood enough to make a black pudding, but there is no one here. They escaped and took the bodies with them.

#### **HOLMES**

(annoyed)

You my name, shorty, I'm Percy  
Holmes and I've never lost a  
criminal before, so search this  
place and discover every secrets of  
his dark ass and if you are cops  
and not just little girls, you'll  
find the authors of this massacre

**FUTZ**

(you'll be very sorry for that  
"shorty")  
Yes, Sir. Boys huddle round, search  
for fifty meters!

**HOLMES**

Where are the corpses? The wounded  
ones? They can't be faded with  
bodies on their shoulders. The  
shooting ended just a few seconds  
ago. Futz try to convince yourself  
that they're just like you and me,  
call for reinforcements, call  
Buckingham or your mother but find  
them now!

(He looks at the tip of the right  
shoe with some kind of tender  
sadness)

Oh my poor new shoes!!  
(motion to Futz)  
Let's get out of this hell of dust  
and human waste ...

**ACT 2**

**CUT TO:**

**(1880) - LONDON - STREET - EXT. - DAY**

London. Traffic. Progress. A crowded road near the Lyceum Theatre. Fog. Rain. October. A boy runs. He crosses the street. He gets run over by a carriage. A young woman gets out of the carriage, without waiting for it to stop. Gunshots from the crowd.

"Stop thief!" - passers-by shout out.

The guy is lying on the ground. Eyes wide opened. A gypsy arrives, she's wounded too and she throws herself on his body. She revives him. Words in Romanian "God helps you, son. You should not be here ... "The gypsy shouts out in Romanian to the woman who got out of the carriage. The guy gets up and runs away.

"Monster" he cries.

A man gets out of the carriage, grabbing the woman by the shoulders - he cuddles the woman. They return into the carriage that leaves again. The carriage fades into the mist while the gypsy stares at them in the distance. Florence looks out the window, she's concerned.

**CUT TO:**

**(1880) SAME DAY - BEDROOM - NIGHT- INT.**

Florence closes the notebook then she observes herself at the mirror, when she suddenly hears a voice saying in Romanian

"I'm here"

The brush falls down. A light stares at her through the mirror and she observes the light. She closes her eyes. She dreams. She's on the top of a mountain and she climbs down in the midst of the woods. She can see herself sitting under a tree. A monstrous animal stares at her. She looks at the animal and sees the reflection of her face through its eyes.

V. O. - she shouts!

"No!" - the nightmare fades.

Someone knocks on the door.

**BRAM** V.O.

May I come in?

**LATER**

**(1880) STOKER'S HOME -INT. BED - DARK**

The husband and his wife are both lying in the bed.

**FLORENCE**

(annoyed)  
You had to stop him, I mean that  
guy ...

**BRAM**

You mean today? It was a petty thief  
and he got away with it as they always  
do.

She rolled over turning her back to her husband.

**FLORENCE**

You're never able to understand  
when things are important.

**BRAM**

You're wasting your time for  
nothing. He was a thief, and  
according to my opinion, he has  
been far too lucky. If I had helped  
them, they would shot us too.

**FLORENCE**

Don't speak nonsense! Everything is  
worthless for you. And I also  
consider it unnecessary to see you  
chasing the bizarre ideas of Henry  
or the sexual follies of your other  
friend. I know that we lead a  
pathetic life but for one time  
would you mind taking the control  
and get rid of their influences?

The man approaches her caressing her shoulder,  
sliding the strap of her nightgown.

**FLORENCE**

(Don't you dare!)  
You have to stop treating me as if  
I didn't have my own intellect.  
Don't you have any ambition? A  
future like Irving's one is really

enough for you? You know, some  
fortunes don't last forever ...  
even for him.

**BRAM**

(he ignores her and whispers)  
You look even more beautiful when  
you're angry.

"Kissing her bare shoulder"

**FLORENCE**

(idiot)  
A mutual friend would say that I've  
always been beautiful.

**BRAM**

That mutual friend did not succeed  
in marrying you. Lately you're  
always so weird.

Florence pushed her husband's hand away from her  
breasts.

**FLORENCE**

(absolutely not!)  
I broke his heart and Owy has never  
forgiven me.

BRAM snorts, then he surrenders to his wife's  
decision. Vexed, he tries to turn himself but  
then he decided to get out of bed. Florence pulls  
the sheets up to his chin.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**ROOM - DARK - INT.**

**BRAM (V.O)**

(sarcastically)  
Wilde, our dear Wilde or your Owy,  
Wilde has always put more  
personality in words than in his  
personal choices..

"Steps runs around the room"

Even if today he has a little success, you'll remember that London distrusts chatterers that end up by ruining their reputation or their career or even worse, both of them. I saved you from a depraved.

**FLORENCE**

(whispering)  
Poor fool.

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) LONDON PADDINGTON - STREET - DAY - EXT**

Peter is feverish. He is dreaming. It's spring, he's sitting on the grass drinking lemonade with his sister Jennie, Smokie is singing *Living next door to Alice*. The song turns into the beep of the horn and Jennie's face became a mask of blood. He wakes up! The car brakes. He shakes his head. Paddington Station. He gives the roll of money to the taxi driver and gets out without answering him.

(The taxi driver shouts out the window) V.O.  
Do you need some help? Hey! Man?

Peter crosses the road staggering; he hurts against the hood of a car.

The driver yells.  
"You idiot! What the hell are you doing?"

He stumbles, he falls down and then he gets up. He bumps into people on the sidewalks. He clutches his injured arm. He gets to the glass of the bar, a screen broadcasts images. His face his glued to the glass. He's bleeding on the ground. He looks around. Nobody cares about him. Everyone stares at the screen. He enters the bar.

V. O.

Have you seen that? Oh Shit, you saw it too? They will attack us and what can we do? They will burn us all, they will carpet bomb till

there will remain nothing but  
ashes.

(to the bartender)  
I'm not crazy!

(the drunkard gulps down the whole  
pint of beer before running away  
screaming without paying)

They're here! What are you waiting  
for? Watch outside!

The man behind him pushes him.

**STRANGER**

Stop bothering us and go home.

(V. O. of the drunkard)  
We've been invaded! May God help  
us!

A delicate girl comes out of the bathroom and  
bumps him. He stares at her then he runs out. She  
fearful looks at Peter, she stop biting her nails  
and then she sits at the bar. People gather  
around the counter. Peter writes a What's App  
message with difficulty. A beep warns him that  
the message has been read. He wipes his sweaty  
forehead with the gun, but no one notice it.

**UNKNOWN WOMAN**

It's the end of the world, it was  
said in the horoscope!

**STRANGER 2**

The apocalypse has arrived. I will  
stop paying alimony to that bitch.

**BARMAN**

(turn up the volume of the screen)  
Shut up!

**STRANGER 3**

(to the barman)  
Hey! Where's my beer?

**BARISTA**



(holding the remote control as a  
weapon)  
Shut up or get out!

**FADE TO:**

**(2013) TV SCREEN- PICTURE NIGHT WHITE LIGHTS EXT - VOICE OVER**

( the journalist warns on the TV :)

"... Witnesses claim to have seen balls of light that vanished after having literally swallowed the victims. The authorities confirm the danger although it is not clear which is the cause of these phenomena

(a terrified witness in the clip :)

"I saw everything! It was like an angel, horrible, even though it hadn't a real form and it swallowed up every part of my poor brother! Flesh, bones, everything disappeared. It was horrible! for God's sake tell me that it was just a nightmare - he bursts into tears "

(The journalist - other images of explosions)

"It seems that the whole world is affected by this sudden and alarming attack of lights. The Pentagon denies any possible involvement or tests of new weapons for mass attack. We can't give any further information is this moment, but stay in your homes, shut yourselves in and don't panic. Stay far from the streets! "

The panic leads people to call anyone. The television broadcasts other tragic images

**LATER**

**(2013) BAR - EXT. - DAY**

Someone starts running out of the bar at breakneck speed. The bartender yells at them to pay for what they consumed.

"Look at the lights!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

(alarmed cries, someone from the street to the people inside the room)

Peter leaves the room. He slogs. His sight is blurred. He stops in front of a vagabond sitting on the ground. He rummages in his pockets and threw some others banknotes to him. The vagabond smiles. Peter adjusts his new jacket hiding the bloody shoulder inside the sleeve. He drags himself ranting and raving towards the last car of the departing train, he jumps aboard catapulting himself inside the bathroom.

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) TRAIN IN TRANSIT - TOILET - INT - NIGHT**

The man who knocks insistently on the door, threats to call the ticket inspector. The voice fades. Peter opens his eyes and sees Florence talking with a man. He looks at the bag containing medical tools. He faints.

**LATER**

A bright light, a neon. Peter's eyes are opened, however they seem to be glued. He slams his eyelids several times to focus. Pain. A shadow looks at him in a worrisome way.

**PETER**

(mumbles some words)  
HmMMM, being alive is filthy painful.  
Oh shit!

Peter turns his head toward his shoulder. He feels pain. He swears again. He faints.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**TRAIN - NIGHT**

Peter opens his eyes. Pitch dark. He turns his head. He thinks he sees a man.

**PETER**

(He coughs - wail of pain)  
There's too many people here. Who  
are you?

The man washes the blood on his hands and  
prepares an injection of sedative for Peter's  
shoulder. A woman's voice whispers to the doctor  
(if he dies - you die!)

**FLORENCE**

We've sutured your wound. He is a  
doctor.

**PETER**

(feverish)

Where's he?

Draco responds sarcastically from the corridor of  
the train.

V. O.

"Where's he? Peterdinner!"

Peter looks up at the sky as a sign of surrender.

**PETER**

Those lights? An invasion, the war?

**FLORENCE**

We had to tell you time ago but  
there was no time. We are the only  
ones ...

**PETER**

(Feverish)

I already knew it, sometimes  
universe is like a supermarket full  
of shit. You know, when I was a  
child I thought that the vampires  
were like those in the movies, good  
people who feed themselves with  
bags of smuggled blood. Today  
(lament) I think the real big  
vampires are the members of the  
Quintessentially and of the  
Parliament. The lights?

**FLORENCE**

It's, how to say... the others who  
have decided to come and they are  
stronger than Draco. Come on (she

grabs him) we have to get out of here!

**PETER**

Good. That's all we needed.. someone else coming from the space just to crush a little our balls! I thought that the problem of my life was Cal with his killers.

**FLORENCE**

(she drags him out the door)  
Do you remember anything about the Bible? Angels, lights? Otherworldly beings living in an eternal light, well they are our leaders. Those like Draco, are nothing compared to them. For humanity it is over. What do you think about it?

**THE DOCTOR**

(scared)  
Me? What do I think about it?

**FLORENCE**

We're not talking with you. You can go.

The man quickly closes the bag, opens the bathroom's door and runs away showing the wound under his shirt's collar, he moves in the hallway like a drunk.

**PETER**

(with the index that barely stands up)  
He is one of your members too? But who cares, you've just said that the lightsucking are arriving ... About the angels, what would they do to us? Ahh ...

**FLORENCE**

(Peter falls and she pulls him up)  
We feed ourselves with blood because we adapted ourselves to the nature of this world, but the angels will aspire everything

because their need of energy is greater. They don't leave anything behind them, just vacuum. They disintegrate the matter.  
(gesture with her hands - as if by magic)

Peter can hardly stand, but he looks at Florence's face .

**PETER**

(staggered)

I Don't believe a single word. On this planet a monster is enough and you're just a weak woman who followed him. I want to hear what he has to say.

(A whatsapp message arrives and Peter reads it)...  
We should go out ...

**LATER**

**(2013) TRAIN - CORRIDOR - INT NIGHT**

Draco's image is reflected through the window on the corridor of the train while he's looking at the sky. He stares at lights that look like shooting stars. He turns himself toward Peter. They negatively look at each other...

**FLORENCE**

(worried)

There are more important things. Peter, you don't have to become like us ...

**PETER**

I ...

**FLORENCE**

no matter what will happen. Even if you've been close to death for too many times, you don't have to give up. If you surrender now, it will be over.

**PETER**

(What a drag!)  
during all these years I've been following your more and more crazy challenges, but angels? There's

only God missing and then we will  
be able to ask an amnesty for Mr.  
Vampire.

(Bickering)

Draco growls.

Florence "Go to hell!"

Draco says, "But it' me."

Florence "You're just my opportunity"

Draco, "What? What? What do you mean? "

Florence "That you are not alone in this  
universe. It's time to tell him!"

Draco "They didn't give us direction. You have a  
son, foster him! Really, it's a race that I can't  
understand.

Florence nods. They both look out of the window  
at the studded sky above the clouds.

#### **PETER**

Okay,

(his eyes are half-closed because  
of the fever) who are the angels?

The painful shoulder keeps him bent. A grimace of  
pain.

#### **DRACO**

Beings like me, but they live in  
the light. They are so strong that  
their victims surrender without  
fighting. You prayed to make them  
coming down and they decided to do  
so.

#### **PETER**

What would you do with a wounded  
boy in a battle between vampires  
and angels?

(FLORENCE over Draco's shoulder )

- A whisper -

"tell him! You have to tell  
him!!!"

#### **DRACO**

(his ice eyes look into the eyes of  
his son)

Hmmmm. How is your shoulder?

**PETER**

(closed eyes)

It hurts a lot, how can I explain that to a creature representing the evil, to someone who doesn't feel the pain but that devours those like me?

**DRACO**

(continues staring at the sky)

Petersuck (grimace of Peter) we feel pain in our own way and I'll tell you without any preamble that you're my son! It's hard to explain this miracle, but you must know that we had to hide you in a human family so that you could grow up as a human. Yes I'm a monster, a predator, a nefarious immortal, but I have a weak side and I suffer in my own way .

**PETER**

"Yeah! That's a really good secret!"

(He sadly answers and sighs as he tries to open a Big Babol that falls down on the ground)

**DRACO**

That's all you have to say?

**FLORENCE**

Leave him alone, he is injured, don't you see?

**DRACO**

I want you to understand the gravity of this damned situation. Yes, you are my weak point because although I would have the strength to stand against this bizarre and violent humanity I understand that I can't do it because it is your world.

**PETER**

You're exaggerating. For a certain period it was your world too.

**DRACO**

I could feed myself with this little planet, but something over time, prompted me to preserve it, like a miser who keeps his jewelry. You see life as a thief, a treasure chest, you want your fortune but when you try to force it, you discover that it is just an illusion. You have to stop pitying yourself.

**PETER**

(angry and feverish)  
What do you want me to understand?  
That I've never had my parents  
close to me, even my sister was  
killed?

**FLORENCE**

Please stop talking that way...

**PETER**

Which way? Infuriated? Because I do  
interrogate myself, because I don't  
thank God or the Providence or the  
fucking fate for having monsters as  
parents from whom I inherited  
everything except the immortality?  
Am I wrong?

**FLORENCE**

(looks at Draco)  
No. You're not wrong, but ...

**PETER**

It's not anguishing to know that  
I'm a loser, it's something I have  
accepted since I was a child but I  
can't believe that you let my  
family die just to save your ass.  
being like you... what is it for?  
What's the point in living for ages  
if you can't help the biggest freak  
of nature and your son?

(CURSE)

**PETER (CONT'D)**

Jennie was not guilty for anything  
except for loving me, if you loved  
me I wouldn't have been here but  
I'd have been at my sister's



funeral, or better yet, there wouldn't have been any funeral because in a movie with good ones, she would have been saved!

Angry, he hits the wall with his good hand, then he complains. He withdraw his fist. He's calm, and weak. Draco clenches his fists against the glass. Florence holds her hands on both men.

**PETER**

You know what? You used me to chase your enemy and I've got a man-eater father who will maybe keep from tasting me for dinner? Eat me and get it over with!  
And you!

(he goes toward his mother)

..have you ever been able to embrace, to comfort and to love anything but your self-centered sense of freedom?

**DRACO**

(furious, approaches his face to his child's eyes)  
I will never understand your race. I fed in order to survive but many of you kill just for their own satisfaction and without a sense, who is the beast now? I have a son. You are a freak of nature but you're our son and we're doing our best to protect your life, as any other parent would do.

**PETER**

Don't make me laugh.

I'm not looking for your forgiveness, but for your help. I don't deserve anything. You have the right to live better than us and far from us. I'm not saying that I regret. I don't have a soul but if you could believe me, I'd tell you that I would prefer to die as a human. Today we have something

against which we must fight together.

**PETER**

(angry)

What are you talking about? You're an absurd creature. You are scary even when you use your human mask.

**FLORENCE** (V. O.)

Peter please...

**PETER**

Who would believe you considering that seeing you savoring human blood is more disgusting than a rotting corpse? Do you love me? Do you want me to call you dad and to kiss you on the cheek or do you want me to open my wrist. You want to have a drink on me Daddy?

(He shows him the bloody bandages.)

**DRACO**

I didn't choose to be like that, as you didn't choose to be born, but you can give a real meaning to all this.

(he stops and turns his head. His hands clutch Peter's shoulders)

The noise of the siren resonates in the train. The train abruptly departs - the cars oscillate violently. Scared people shout. Someone comes out in the hallway. A white light swiftly crashes against the window of the train that explodes. Draco anticipates the enemy and wraps Peter with his hands. They throw themselves on the ground. Peter faints

"Ahhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!! Help!"

(Desperate shouts! Hysterical! Some voices are screaming burned in the ruins)

A hundred yards ahead, the lights stick themselves as parasites to the train's remains. Some men are sprung up for a few feet from the ground then they disappear absorbed by the lights

whose intensity increase after being fed. The train went off the rails as a mass of iron, injuries and fires is the sight of a succulent dinner for beings without a form, hidden in their aura. Furthers terrorized shouts.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**NIGHT - FIELD - EXT.**

Draco tries to reanimate Peter.

**(worried)**

Peter? Peter? Peter! Peter  
(he shakes him vigorously)  
Peter, what the hell! Open your eyes!  
I don't drink water. I don't know how to cry. Peter I don't...  
Peterclown!

**PETER**

(whispers)  
Asshole. I can't ... ahhh ...

**DRACO**

(angrily)  
Don't you dare die! Do you understand?

**PETER**

(weak)  
I think ... I'm going... to die.  
Zaia, save her...

(on his last legs he takes the mobile phone from his pocket. He faints.)

A light approaches Draco, observing him, then le light flies away until it disappears. DRACO calls Florence.

**DRACO**

We have to go home.

Florence doesn't answer.

CUT TO:

**(1880) INTERIOR - ADJACENT ROOM - DARK - INT.**

A BODY FALLS DOWN- HE COURSES - A SLAMMING DOOR  
SHUT SOUND

She sighs.

"Maybe I don't feel safe." She thinks  
as she plays with the lock of hair  
flowing down along her neck.

CUT TO:

**(1880) LONDON - HOME - INTERIOR- SITTING ROOM - EVENING.**

Two men beck Florence to enter the house first.  
They're wet. They lay their coats then they set  
in a black living room. The atmosphere is  
disturbing. Candles and black heads enclosed in  
glass cylinders. On the table, there is an open  
newspaper, with an article on London's most  
famous seer. Bram lights up a cigar. The smoke  
fills up the room.

**UNKNOWN (V.O)**

Smoke! Damn, Irvin, have you said  
to our guests that it is forbidden  
to smoke inside the house?

An high and lean man enters inside the room, it's  
the same man that is portrayed in the newspaper.  
He greets everyone without shaking his hands.  
Speckter is a consumed but ageless man. The kiss  
on Florence's hand let her understand how  
treacherous he is. When she pulls her hand back,  
Florence sees a crow through the eyes of that man  
and she is startled.

**MR. SPECKTER**

Sir Irving here, a dear friend whom  
I respect, told me that you would  
like to understand whether ghosts

really exist or not. I can feel  
some vibrations.

He checks his watch pocket and draws his guest's  
attention. A pendulum clock's knell. Eight  
o'clock. He addresses the woman.

**MR. SPECKTER**

Darling, would you mind drawing the  
dark curtains? And you can tell your  
husband that I don't tolerate the smell  
of cigars.

**FADE IN:**

**INTERIOR - DAY**

Bram gets up from the table and walks towards the  
second room, he takes an handkerchief and rips  
the butt. He puts the cigar in his pocket and  
throws the ashes into a Chinese vase. The woman  
covers the windows. As he comes back in the room  
he sees a huge spear on the side and in front of  
the table.

**MR. SPECKTER**

It belonged to a warrior. A cursed  
prince. This weapon has been  
exorcised. I inherited it.

(admiring it)

I know that this man have killed  
and devoured his enemies and  
prisoners. A frightening legend .

**IRVING**

Oh, my heart, my heart is rising  
into my throat! Stay down, heart.

(he stops acting)

Excuse me, it was King Lear. I was  
excited.

Well, well, well... an interesting  
character. DRACO, Dranko or  
something like that. I heard it  
from a colleague and I've always  
wanted to study his history.

**MR. SPECKTER**

His fortress looked more like a  
cemetery than a home. One day the

Impaler disappeared ... leaving a legend.

A dry bang from the other room. Dismay. The voice of the waitress who apologizes. Irving's sigh of relief.

I truly believe in his adventures.  
It is said that he disappeared into thin air after a battle. However, many people think that he may be still alive.  
(He laughs)

**IRVING**

I know a guy who travels a lot and who might inquire. I would be indiscreet if I asked you to contact this spirit?

**MR. SPECKTER**

It was known as the son of Satan. A man-eater and a manipulator. A being totally devoid of heart and faith. If we were to find him, in the corridors of time, it could be dangerous. The Black Angel.

**LEO**

Holy smoke, a spirit will narrate us his bloody and obscene adventures. This stimulates my morbid curiosity for death and even for immortality. Good job Henry! Now that's a truly alternative evening. But is he supposed to talk?

Henry nods his head while he stares at the amazing length of the spear.

**MR. SPECKTER**

We entrust ourselves to him. When a dead person wants to talk, he just

uses us. Coming back is painful and difficult, many medium faint, vomit and sometimes go crazy. We can proceed. Everyone have a seat around the table.

Nine tools coming from the pendulum clock.

**FLORENCE**

It's so dark. I'm wondering why spirits don't manifest themselves during the day.

Florence feels a blast of air in the closed room, that brushes against her face.

**UNKNOWN V.O.**

Don't be afraid Florence

"and you?"

(she replies with her thought)

Florence looks for Speckter's hand and she grabs it with zip. The man looks at the woman and smiles then he stares at Bram with disappointment. Irving drums with two fingers repeating to himself the name of the warrior. He has got an idea.

**MR. SPECKTER**

Darling, the London Psychic Company warns against professing or stimulating spirits in environments that are not protected, because the border is so thin that they could easily cross it and haunt us.

**Leo**

(amused)

Unbelievable, we've got a Psychic Company! We should use it to search pirate ships on the sea bottom and their chests full of treasures. Hurry up, before my friend "Irving" go crazy.

**MR. SPECKTER**

(ignoring that voice)

Even mediums become preys if the border is crossed. Ghosts would come into our world and they would do anything to replace us. I have spoken with demons and acrimonious ghosts, but I'm still here. Let's beg for Draco ...

The guests looked around observing any sort of memorabilia hooked and placed everywhere. Leo laughs trying to hide his reaction by putting his hand against his mouth.

**BRAM**

An interesting collection of memorabilia...

Bram pretends to cough. His wife gives him a dirty look. Irving continues staring at the spear with astonished eyes. He imagines his own success...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**(1880) LYCEUM THEATRE - LIGHTS - INT.**

A lighted stage. Irving acts wearing an armor. The dream vanishes.

**BRAM**

(abrupt tone )

I'm wondering what are we waiting for?

In the meantime the guests are holding each other hands. Speckter kisses Florence's hand and she immediately felt uncomfortable. Florence hits the ankle of her husband under the table. A dull thud. Bram stops smiling. In the darkness, Hos shoots some phrases in Latin. The black candle in the middle of the table is still lighted.

**MR. HOS SPECKTER**

(peremptory)



Some monsters hate the matter, but they use humans as puppets. They are vindictive, blasphemous and powerful. Being smart doesn't mean being weak. Are you afraid of these king of entities who don't belong to our material world? If not, I'm obliged to warn you because if you underestimate any of the answers we will be given tonight, they may hunt you for the rest of your life. This black candle is necessary to evoke devils and the light bulb at its side will tell us when the spirit will be with us.

Bram rocks the head - incredulously. He looks at Florence who seems to be fascinated by the light bulb. SPECKTER scolds Bram and Leo who are still staring at the obsessive nature of his paintings.

**SPECKTER**

I would appreciate more attention from you! Henry, this is the most opportune moment, I feel that we are all connected with the same determination. Steady hands. Now I will blow out the candle.  
(He blows on the candle)

**SPECKTER**

When we will have finished, you, my dear sir, (addressing Bram) will take the ashes of the flatulent cigar that you hide in your pocket, away from my jar. Close your eyes!

**FLORENCE**

Bram?!

Speckter focuses on the light bulb and closes his eyes. The others don't seem to be convinced, and they occasionally glance around, they imitate the seer.

**SPECKTER**

DRACO warlord come and tell ...  
DRACO!

Leo, enjoys himself in staring at the old man's absorbed expression simulating a contact.. He

mumbles some Latin words. He prays and then calls the name of the dead.

**FLORENCE**

I'm cold "she doesn't open her eyes," and I feel something strange.

Speckter continues. He repeats in Romanian.

"Come to us"

The light bulb in the middle of the table suddenly lights up. Everybody claims up opening their eyes. Bram e Leo stare at each other till Leo starts staring at the light bulb again. Everyone observes the light but only Florence closes her eyes in a trance state...

**CUT TO:**

**(1880) TRANSYLVANIA- TUNNEL MOUNTAINS - INT. DARK**

A wolf runs along endless tunnels in the heart of the Carpathian mountains. He runs up from a cave and climbs down near a village. He advances in the midst of a gypsy caravan.

"Go away! Go away, son of Lucifer!! "  
a female voice shouts from the inside.

A girl jumps from the cab - she is a possessed fifteen years old girl with a long knife in front of her. The wolf growls at the baby she holds in her arms. He takes the offensive. She yells in Romanian "Go away Satan!" And she throws a powder in its eyes - she continues talking in Romanian "the ashes of a saint will send you to Hell!" The wolf, moves back and runs uphill along the woods till the wall of a gloomy fortress. Howls. A bright light like a ball is watching him.

- voice off-screen --

"I'm here, Florence!"

Florence feels shocks. Her body doesn't answer. She tries to move but her body seems made of stone. Other shocks. The light bulb explodes but

instead of flying off, the glasses melt on the table. The seer lights up a white candle taken from under the table. Everyone sees patches of solidified glass in one spot. Florence opens her eyes and sees Leo's hands on her shoulders.

"all right!"

She tells him as he winks at her.

The seer begs once again the spirit of DRACO in Latin.

**SPECKTER**

Go away! Go away!

(he prays in Latin)

In nomine Patris, et Filii, X et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. Exsurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus: et fugiant qui oderunt eum a facie ejus.

Sicut deficit fumus, deficient: sicut fluit cera a facie ignis, sic pereant peccatores a facie Dei.

The spear on the wall begins to vibrate.

**SPECKTER**

All together! In nomine Patris, et Filii, X et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Their voices have different rhythms. Leo peeps the seer.

A whisper in Romanian

"I'm here!"

A terrifying and inhuman shout explodes in their heads. The seer yell them to bind each other hands. Something falls down with a dull thud in the room. Hooves Sounds. They all have their eyes open and they are scared. It's pitch dark. A force presses against their fingers so that their joined hands came off.

(the seer shouts)

"Amen!"

- Silence. Dark - No noise - Irving's coughing and still nothing.

**SPECKTER**

Whatever it was, it came back.

**FLORENCE (V. O.)**

"her voice in the dark"

I don't think so. Why something that has struggled to come here should leave that quickly?

Irving takes the gun from his jacket holding it under the table, ready to fire at any unwanted thing..

**CUT TO:**

**(1880) SPECKTER'S HOUSE - INSIDE THE KITCHEN- DAY**

An unhealthy dark waft, condensed in a mild form, comes from the kitchen. It knocks the plates down of the shelf. Racket. Broken dishes. A shout - sound of closing doors, the maid runs away. The three participants run toward the kitchen Florence sees a body.

She raises her hand toward that body, then toward Bram."

**FLORENCE**

Can you see it too?

The men goes back in the living room. Irving touches the spear on the wall. It is nailed down, so it couldn't have vibrated. Leo gets scared and Bram restart observing the table.

**MR. SPECKTER**

Now we can open the curtains. Henry would you do it for me?

Irving gets up. He checks that before him there is nothing but furniture.

**IRVING**

(enthusiast)

We should have her as the protagonist at the Lyceum. However, if this spirit had revealed himself in another form, I swear, I'd have been really scared.

**Leo**

Bloody hell, even if I don't understand much about these things, I perceive a certain strangeness. I wasn't scared, but I'm shaken. A cognac is what I would really need to recover my senses.

**BRAM**

(aloud)

Women would really appreciate these sinister scenarios. Right Florence?

Florence shakes her head to blot out what she saw. Leo passes her by and smiles. She doesn't share his feelings.

**CUT TO:**

**LATER**

**(1880) NIGHT- STEET - EXT. OUT OF SPECKTER'S HOUSE**

They all walk silently. Bram with his half-smoked cigar, Leo continues to put his hat right and Irving drums in the air ... A crow bumps into Henry Irving's chest and the second time his beak reaches his eye. Leo curses and hits him with a stick. Irving is wounded and falls to the ground. Bram captures the bird but the crow hurts his neck too.

"The crow's call sounds unnatural."

**BRAM**

It's Ok. Henry "and he sees the blood on his face"  
are you okay? "Henry nods"

The crow touches Florence with his wing, while Leo rushed into the street and stops a carriage. Still shocked, Irving tightens his bleeding wound

with a handkerchief. The crow is on the lamppost staring at Florence. Irving shoots him, but that creature vanishes into thin air. Irving touches his wound, the eye is safe.

**FADE TO:**

**(1880) LONDON - NIGHT - LYCEUM**

Three men talking excitedly behind the stage, while the actors prepare themselves for a representation. The theatre is packed. They are in the way, but the actors still greet them politely. Bram continues to deny and others seem to disagree.

**BRAM**

(he stares at the dancing-girls - he is nervous)

She doesn't have to come. This is not an appropriate adventure for women. Ravens, seers, and curses.

He detracts the butt from the cigar letting it fall to the ground - he puts the cigar in his mouth. Irving, with a bandaged eye, puts an hand on Bram's shoulder.

**IRVING**

(authoritative)

She is indispensable Boss. She said she wants to come right? Do you know what would this discovery represent? You will have the possibility to write something better than essays on spirits and living dead. A legend, Bram! We could create a whole legend ...  
A rich man calls us, wants us, hosts us ... watch out!

He acts with theatrical gestures

A ghost named Vlad DRACO, that's what we should listen to, the true story of a bloody man. Progress, my

dear friend, has never stopped our  
thirst for discovery, explorations  
of mysteries and why not? Hell.

Leo grabs the hand of a dancer.

**LEO**

(enthusiastic)

Bloody hell, let me introduce you  
to my fiancée! She has two others  
twin sisters what about that? An  
eternity in the arms of these young  
ladies.

The girl shamelessly laughs, she kisses him on  
the cheek, then she runs away. Her body captured  
the two friend's attention. Loewenthal tightens  
Bram's arm.

**LEO**

I think it's a good idea to let her  
come with us. Miss Florence would  
enchant any prince. That man is  
willing to host us for a week. It's  
something rare now-a-days. Everyone  
wants something in return. Free  
hospitality and the story of a  
prince, what more could you want?

BRAM turns his back to leave. He's nervous and  
undecided. He thinks that his wife is not strong  
enough.

**BRAM**

I need to think about it. You!  
young jester at the lazy court -  
addressing Leo - You can call the  
twins tomorrow, and we will all  
have a drink at the club.

**IRVING**

(shouting)

Try to decide quickly, the Prince will stay in Romania only for a week, then he will leave for the Americas. By tomorrow Bram, you have to decide by tomorrow evening. Now my dear Leo - taking his friend's arm - we are going to have a good time.

Irving pushes him toward the door while the young man waits for Bram to leave before talking

**LEO**

He will come with us, you'll see. This obsession of writing a book about a legend, taking advantage of the hospitality of a noble man, will tempt him. I know him and he will surrender, but Florence is not an highly emotional woman, he will have to convince her. We can't miss this opportunity.

Leo restart staring at his dancer. He scratches his chin. He desires her.

**IRVING**

I've never really understood the character of that woman. She's beautiful, and faithful, but she's ambiguous. She's stubborn. Too stubborn...It's not like talking to Lauretta, look at her, she's so simple and so poorly educated that she always says yes.

Irving goes toward the dressing rooms dragging Leo away from the stage.

Bloody hell, I'm crazy for miss Stoker ,if she wasn't my friend's wife, I would do impossible and very immoral things with her and

**IRVING**



Stop saying "bloody hell" - My dear boy, too much intelligence may confuse women about their role in the world. We have to take her with us because her presence has been clearly requested by the epistle. Come!

(He rubs his hands)  
With Florence huh? Yes, I guess it would be like taming a wild horse.

Leo laughs. V. O.  
"Devotion, my dear Watson, is like a fragile bridge between desire and oppression.."

#### **LATER**

**(1880) INT - DRESSING ROOM - THEATER**

Papers everywhere, scores, costumes and wigs.  
Irving shows a letter.

#### **LEO**

Bloody ... (Irving turns himself puckered) he..., this invitation is extended to our families too. We don't have any family but what if we brought the twins with us?

#### **IRVING**

I would prefer to know the flora and the fauna of that place (he laughs).  
(Leo laughs too. He closes the letter.)

#### **LEO**

It is not mandatory, he could say that she is ill. I mean, no one can control. However, if she comes, I could flatter her and then I'll may see her bodice's strings down.

#### **IRVING**

If the Prince was married? It would be better for him to find a satisfying entertainment during a conversation with a guest, don't you think so? It is the secretary of the Prince who is preparing everything and he will inform us about the forefather. Think about the documents or paintings of a monster that has really existed. A dainty for newspapers. Florence has to come and you have to be careful, Bram is a very attentive owner toward his estates.

Voice out - **LEO**  
"definitely"

**CUT TO:**

**(1880) LONDON - LONDON DUNGEON - DAY - INT.**

The crowd pushes Florence and her husband into a cage. She clings to the man while her eyes follows the profile of a being nailed to the cross. His face is battered and his neck has big holes. A creature, half man half wolf tries to attack him from the bottom. The two mummies frighten the spectators. A notice on the plate of the cage "Werewolf".

"Disgusting" repeat the voices around.

Florence contains her aversion by pressing her hand against her mouth in order to avoid comments. Bram advances to the glass observing all the details with a certain admiration then he eagerly looks at the woman. The more Florence observed them the more she had the impression to feel the evil inhabiting them.

CUT TO:

(1880) LONDON DUNGEON - STAIRS - AUTUMN- FOG - DAY - EXT.

Leaving the museum, many excited people discuss about their mutual feelings.

**BRAM**

Seen? That's what people want.  
Mystery. The ghoulish. The  
monstrous and charming details.

She walks in the street without waiting for her husband.

**FLORENCE**

(with angered tone of the voice)  
I think that this passion for  
horrors and death is so pathetic.  
And it's deplorable to see these  
charlatans trying to convince us  
that monstrosities are an excellent  
investment.

A little boy hits her. "How rude!" And  
speechless, she suddenly remembers. The boy  
whispers in Romanian "you! wretch!" Then he  
runs away.

**FLORENCE**

Do you remember him? The boy, the  
carriage?

Bram looks at her with uncertainty. The London  
Dungeon is falling on them.

**BRAM**

The kids all look the same.

**FLORENCE**

That guy, DRACO what was him?  
French, Polish?

**BRAM**

I think he was Romanian. A strange  
little country torn between  
progress and superstition. But so  
charming...

**LATER**

**(1880) LONDON DUNGEON - DAY - LONDON**

They both stare at the sky. Raindrops. Bram opens an umbrella and repairs his wife.

**FLORENCE**

My mind plays tricks on me. I see ghosts. I feel confused. Am I crazy?

**BRAM**

You're just confused. Those monsters really impressed you. Look! "he shows her the comings and goings from the museum "people appreciate the abnormal, they pay the ticket to go back to see monstrosities and that makes them feel lucky.

**FLORENCE**

You know, perhaps as a young girl I would have admired and applauded to that flea circus, but now, I feel sorry for monsters, and I think that in life fighting for more respectable battles is worthwhile. Owy would say that it would be undignified for this depraved farm to earn thanks to other people disabilities. Can you see that crow?

On the street a crow eats the decaying carcass of a rat. The crow looks up and stares at them. A carriage runs over him.

**BRAM**

(looking at the crow)

It's the law of nature, eat or you will be eaten.

**FLORENCE**

Don't tell nonsense! Nature doesn't care about the pain of humans. Evil is the nature and it reminds us that men can't fight against its laws. None can stop the death.

**BRAM**

Evil and God who's our antagonist?

**FLORENCE**

None has the courage to say that the death is the end of everything, and not the beginning of a better life.

She stumbles but Bram supports her.

**FLORENCE**

People live, suffer and die. With what would you fight, with words, with mathematics, with faith? We are weak pawns conditioned by time and diseases.

**BRAM**

It's just a crow. They all look the same. Why have you mentioned the faith? Are you okay?

**FLORENCE**

If it was a man would you feel pain or sorrow for him?

**BRAM**

(disinterested)

For the Crow?

**FLORENCE**

Maybe you're right. They all look the same.

Bram takes a piece of cigar and lights it up. He taps his pocket and smiles. Florence looks at the bloody mass lying on the stones with a sad look on her face.

**LATER**

**(1880) London - Street - Carriage - Day**

On the way back home, Bram pulls out some banknotes. She looks at them. He counts them in front of her.

**BRAM**

Henry has paid us for the trip, as consultants. If you don't want to go, I'll give the money back. They'll leave alone.

We can prepare our luggage, a new dress for you and we'll enjoy a few weeks of sheer entertainment in a real castle.

His hands remained opened to show her the money. A lot of money. Florence checks for the bills to be true. She touches her hair and plays with a lock.

**FLORENCE**

God knows that we need this money but Henry has never given anything without wanting something in return ... I wonder what is his profit?

**BRAM**

A job. Leo would be useful since he's a doctor, and he has an annuity so he will pay the trip by himself.

**FLORENCE**

Leo LOEWENTHAL is still a student. He's an immoral and he's a kept person. Work doesn't get along with him and Henry likes him just because he's unbiased. Is he still bustling about that squalid lab hunting for a new wondrous drug?

**BRAM**

Yes but has you said, he's a kept person, money is not a problem for him and we'll make a journey thanks to which we can glean some marketable news. Newspapers adore their legends and the dead rising from the underworld.

**FLORENCE**

I'm tired of these inconclusive adventures, but if Henry will pay for all this ...

Bram smiles.

**BRAM**

Henry will pay for this trip and you will be the guest of honor of a prince. New places, history, you will be thrilled.

Bram puts the money in his pocket and shakes her hands. Florence stares at the trembling hands of her husband.

**COACHMAN**

(puts his head inside the carriage and shouts)  
We have to wait! There are bags of flour on the ground! Someone is collecting them!

**BRAM**

(extremely satisfied)  
Alright!

He continues shaking his wife's hands. Florence observes his flickering. Bram trembles when he's lying.

**BRAM**

It is important for me, for us!  
Just for a few days. Please. Henry just wants an exclusive story. Maybe a script. Please ...

Florence controls herself and looks at Bram's hands that have picked up the stick with the horse's head and are continuing to play with it. He is nervous.

**FLORENCE**

Would you force me to stay with that man whose life is as miserable as the reasons that led him to live only for that theater?

**BRAM**

**(enthusiastic)**

Henry wants our family to come because it will lend more luster to the whole tour.

**BRAM (CONT'D)**

Well, we're the first ones that investigate in official form, on the legend of a bloodthirsty nobleman. They're all mean for you. Perfect men don't exist and you have to get over it.

Florence keeps quiet. The carriage leaves again. She answers yes. Bram hugs her, she sees the gypsy who looks at them from the street, threatening them.

**FADE TO:**

**(2013) PLANE - INT. - NIGHT**

CAL occasionally looks at the medicated foot, alternating with the picture of Peter on the mobile phone. A flash illuminates his face - he understands everything! Above the table of garden tools there are two machine guns and a blood-soaked cloth. Through the window, the lights are falling down on the planet but they are far away. He pushes a button.

"Talkie?"

(V. O.)

I'm coming Boss!

**TALKIE**

(pointing out something on the other side of the plane)  
Can I? Can I taste her? She's so beautiful....

(He runs his fingers on his lips sucking them)

**CAL**

Talkie! Talkie! Miserable depraved, remember that you're talking about my daughter.  
(Talkie V- O. "Sorry Boss!")  
Take her here!!!

Talkie runs and returns. The little girl has her face streaked with tears. She stops biting her nails before looking to her father. Cal gets up the phone.



**CAL**

(calm)  
Do you know who he is?

She doesn't answer.

(furious)  
I asked you a question!

(calm again)

Do you know who he is?

**ZAIA**

(trembling)  
It's Peter. Swerzovsky. A classmate  
of mine. Sometimes we go out  
together.

**CAL**

(mocking her )  
Sometimes we go out together!!  
(taunting her)  
What a good girl. And you also  
screw him? You screw him properly  
right? I understand that from your  
satisfied face, the muzzle of a  
sixteen year old drugged bitch. He  
knows about your bad habits?

Talkie laughs. Zaia covers her ears with both  
hands and cries. She turns to run away but Talkie  
takes her by the throat dragging her before her  
father. Unseen, he touches her butt, squeezing  
it.

**ZAIA**

I didn't do anything wrong!

(She shouts)  
And you treacherous guy! Get your  
hands off me!

Talkie V.O. "What a temper!"  
He raises both hands up - he surrenders. He keeps  
looking at the girl with sexual appetite.

**CAL**

You got off with a bloody and  
disgusting vampire?

(He drags her on his knees)

The world my little one...

(he brushes her chest with the barrel of his gun )

**CAL**

turns around a few clear rules: Good and Evil. Now you have to tell me which is path you choose because, believe me, I would never want to do bad things to my only (he strokes her cheek against his face) and adored child.

(The barrel stops between her legs)

Bang!

(pretending to shoot!)

(he laughs)

**ZAIA**

You're crazy! You've killed my mom and then you started this folly!

(She implores him clung to his neck)

Please! Change for the better. Return to your senses as before. Let's go away. Let's start from the beginning.

Cal grabs her by the hair and throws her against the window. Zaia cries. Talkie dances amused.

**CAL**

Now you'll call him and you'll ask him where he is and if you won't do that Talkie has an idea concerning how you should be educated.

**TALKIE**

Yes! Yes! We'll enjoy ourselves. I've got...

(with his hands on his balls)

... everything we need here. Yum-yum,  
my special little girl!

**ZAIA**

(angry with her father)  
Kill me! What are you waiting for?  
Kill me and get it over with!

A bleep indicates that a What's App message has  
arrives on Zaia's mobile phone.

**CAL**

It won't be necessary , look!

(He shows her the mobile phone)

He wrote you. Talkie take it and  
bring it to the commander. There  
will be a family reunion here.

**ZAIA**

Please Dad, let's start from the  
beginning. Only you and me.

**CAL**

You know what I realized during  
these long shitty eternal years of  
life, that no matter what you  
collect or achieve, nothing will be  
as fulfilling as a dead enemy. I  
enjoy myself only when I kill. How  
do you think your mother has died?  
She blackmailed me, she blackmailed  
me, and I've cut her head while she  
was sipping the champagne of our  
fifteenth year of marriage. The car  
accident, the fire, are all of  
their fault, he point out Talkie  
sneering.

Zaia vomits.  
"Damn you!"

(A ball of light invests the plane  
- Cal looks at the sky)

**CAL**

We are in hell and there is no  
escape for the losers. Talkie, is  
that dog coming with us?

**TALKIE**

Yes Boss. Moccio wanted to take it  
with us. I told him that..

**CAL**

Call Moccio and his dog and bring me a gin, dry, even better, a double gin.

(he swallows some pills that engendered a grimace of disgust)

Moccio is a thin man in his fifties. He likes to be elegant. He arrives holding a wolf dog on a leash. The animal is agitated.

**MOCCIO**

Be quiet Pepper! Sit down!

CAL drinks the gin in one breath.

**CAL**

How long have you been having this dog?

**MOCCIO**

I took her three days ago, she was lost and I took her with me. It's very polite Boss, and well neat. I thought that a guard dog is always very useful.

**CAL**

(puzzled)  
Lost huh?

The plane abruptly waves. With the heel of his shoe, he pushes his daughter against the seat. He beckons Talkie who takes the syringe from his pocket and pushes it into Zaia's neck. The dog starts barking and Cal shoots on his leg. The dog growls. A black smoke envelops everything and everyone in the cabin.

**CAL**

No gunshots. Hello Florence, my favorite bloodsucking whore has come to kill me. It's not nice of you.

**FLORENCE (V. O.)**

(disturbed by the light inside the cabin)

You're dead son of a bitch!

CAL puts the gun against the temple of his daughter.

**ZAIA**

Please Dad, don't do it.

**FLORENCE**

You're using your only daughter as a shield?

You will not get away with it.

**CAL**

You can't do anything. This is your son's cute little doll. Oh, the monsters have had a child who must be protected, right? Now I'll tell you how will this story end. You die and the girl lives. Now please, show yourself.

Florence reappears. The cloud dissolves. Moccio is terrified. Talkie takes aim with his gun.

**FLORENCE**

You know that it can't last forever. You can't make your daughter a shield forever. Draco will find you and no miraculous pills will save you.

**CAL**

(he shows the bottle)

We have to thank Leo for these. Your friend, the one who doesn't not worth a dime, invented immortality for me, it's a shame that he had a dreadful rescue, but you already know this.

Cal smiles, showing her the bottle containing the fluorescent pills and he makes (Bye! Bye! with his hand) Talkie comes up behind the woman with a sword and in an instant he severed her head with a blow.

TALKIE dances

"I've got the head of the bloodsucking whore! "

From Florence's body a small crazy light bounces off and breaks down the door of the bathroom, and then it vanishes. The head burns and what remains is a white skull in the middle of the aisle.

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) LONDON - SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT - RUMBLE LIGHTS - EXT.**

A close up of Draco's scarred face. He closes his eyes and thinks about Florence. He reopens them and cut himself from the eyes to the cheeks to reproduce the tears he can't cry. Moving lights and hunting patrols continue to torpedo the sky. People in the street are crying out for the aliens shaking some posters. Preachers shout out redeem oneself. Many people placed on the roofs observe the sky with telescopes. The whole city is a snake pit.

**DRACO**

(He moves to the edge of the building and stares at the empty space beneath him)  
I'm alone in a world unaware of its end ... not good.  
(He shouts)  
Florence!

**FADE TO:**

**(2013) PLANE - INT - DAY**

Cal is preparing himself in a room of the plane. Weapons on the tables and bottles of medicine. Florence's blood has stained the light floor. Cal's men are all behind the door. They're waiting.

**CAL**

Here what remains of vampires, crazy lights and not even a good one, holy final fuck. Talkie go and see! I hate goodbyes. Farewell Florence! We'll soon kill all demons like you! Talkie, damn fool, I told you not to ruin my dress! Remove this shit from here. Throw her in the ocean. That's disgusting!

(he cleans the blood stains with some drops of gin left in the glass)

Talkie grabs a gun and warily goes into the bathroom. He finds nothing. He returns to Cal and looks at the girl.

**TALKIE**

There is nothing. Perhaps those lights were the last forces of her spirit. She vanished.

**CAL**

She vanished in the place where all the shit disappears. In a little while we're going to enjoy ourselves. I had to burn her as I burned all the others, but even heroes like me are forced to change their plans. Right?

**TALKIE**

(gloating)  
Yes! Yes! Yes! That's all true Sir and everything is ready. The bomb lies like a baby in his crib (he happily rubs his hands).  
You'll let me kill them all before, as promised?

**CAL**

(seriously)  
You can kill them, eat them if you want, and you can have her too (referred to her drugged daughter) but only if you capture the vampire alive.

Talkie dances on himself with his eyes closed. From the window of the plane some globes of light disappear into the clouds. Cal looks at them and sends Peter a What's up message.

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) LONDON SUBURBS - INT. - DAY**

Some cops move the burnt cards. The acrid smell compels many of them to run out the door or windows to breathe. In the apartment there are nine charred corpses.

**PERCY HOLMES**

(moves the wheelchair away to vainly observe himself in the mirror)  
Mr. I'm Burning Everything Down didn't let anything behind him. Therefore I would insist with the bank's cameras and with the identification of the cars and of the faces of his accomplices.

**COP 1**

There are women's clothes and maps.

The second cop comes from the other rooms holding a burnt object.

**COP 2**

Sir? Have a look! They have burned down two crammed bags.

**PERCY HOLMES**

(he comes back to the mirror)  
Burning two bags full of money only means that the money was counterfeit or that he doesn't need it. Let's move away, there's nothing else for us here. I want the shots in less than one hour. We can catch him.

On the other side of the street, a girl is observing the police through a window.



**COP 1**

Detective? A young lady, Mary Fay asks about you. She claims to be a friend of the girl who lived in this apartment. She has something for you but she doesn't want to reveal anything more.

**PERCY HOLMES**

(He turns the wheelchair and puts his necktie right)  
What the hell don't keep her waiting. Finally a godsend.

**MARY**

(shamefully)  
I didn't know her very well but I knew that his father was good for nothing. She asked me to give this to the police if something bad should have happened to her.

**PERCY HOLMES**

Who lived here?

**MARY**

(she closes something to her chest)  
Zaia and I think her last name was a strange one.  
(She thoughtful stares at the man sitting on the wheelchair)

**PERCY HOLMES**

Van Helsing?

**MARY**

Exactly.

**PERCY HOLMES**

What did she asked you to tell me?

**MARY**

To tell you? Nothing.  
(Holmes makes a face)  
But I have to give you this!  
(and she detaches herself from the puppet that she tightens under her chin)  
Nothing bad has happened to her right?  
(frightened by the burned walls)

Holmes inspects the rabbit and checks the cut on his belly. He insert his hand dragging a paper up.

**HOLMES**

Everyone stop! Let's let this hovel to the police, we're moving to Biggin Hill Airport. I want a list of all the flights of this year and the departures of the last hours! You (addressing Mary) You've been brave. Thanks Mary Fay.  
(he shakes her hand)

**CUT TO:**

**(1880) HUNGARY - SZEGRED - PORT RIVER MAROS - DAY - CROWDED QUAY- EXT.**

Very windy Day. The boat full travelers leaves the shore. The sound of the siren. With the corner of the eye Florence observes the enthusiasm of the men and Leo laughing loudly while he looks at the body of a young lady married to an old man. A very elegant man is looking at her behind Irving, he's smiling. She turns herself and walks away embarrassed.

**BRAM**

Darling, come with us, let's have a cup of tea.

"or an toughener drink!"

(answers Leo with an alluring smile)

**Irving**

Don't pay attention to this jester and join us. We will talk about the mysteries surrounding the Carpathian mountains..

**FLORENCE**

I'll let you to the burden of this reflections, I'm tired, however a toughener drink would be enough to replace the homesickness.

Bram continues to smoke while Leo reads a newspaper without being really interested in it. The elegant and well-groomed man continues to observe her. He is alone. He often looks at his watch. Florence meets his eyes trying to remember when they met.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**(1880) SHIP- MAROS RIVER - DAWN- INT.**

Florence is inside the cabin. She's alone. Undressed. She stares at porthole focusing on the slow waters of the river that reflect a black sky full of clouds. She observes a lonely crow on the lower shore of the river. The crow is still in the air. She dresses up. Boom! A sharp sound against the porthole forced her to turn herself. Boom! Boom! The bird's beak attacks glass. Florence looks at him; she dresses up and exits the cabin. The noise stops.

**DINING ROOM - INT - DAY**

**IRVING**

Well awakened! Did you sleep well?  
I'll ask somebody to bring another  
cup of tea. Bram?

**FLORENCE**

No breakfast for me. Too much  
water.

Bram enters the room.

**BRAM**

Tomorrow we will arrive and from  
there it will take at most one  
other day. The worst is over.  
"He puts out the cigar into the plate of  
an empty table."

I have more appetite than usual,  
harangues?

The elegant man is sitting at the table. In front of him there's a full cup, he sips it distractedly. Florence goes out and he gets up.

**FLORENCE**

Why are you following me?

(The young man stops and moves back)

**UNKNOWN**

Cal Van Helsing, Madam, at your beck and call. I didn't mean. I apologize. You probably captured my attention. It wasn't impertinence. My respects to you, Madam.

(he bows down before her and goes on)

**FLORENCE**

I know you!

He stops and answers without looking at her.

**VAN HELSING**

The world is not as big as we imagine. Being already met? It's possible. Do you believe in fate?

**FLORENCE**

I don't believe in any of these things.

I'm probably wrong. Forgive me.

**VAN HELSING**

May I ask your name Madam?

**FLORENCE**

Florence Balcombe (pause) Stoker  
(embarrassed), I'm Mrs. Stoker.

She looks at him while he goes away. She thinks about the eyes of this stranger. The man disappears into the cabins hallway. Florence restarts looking at the river from the parapet. She leans to admire the nature. Quick steps.

**VAN HELSING**

No hard feelings sister!  
(he pushes her overboard)

The water enters first into her mouth and then into her lungs. Her wide eyes stare at the man from underwater.

He leans. He looks at the water. Incoming voices. He retires. He wipes his jacket with both hands. Some passengers get on the bridge. Florence fights with her long and heavy skirts but she resurfaces spitting water and coughing. She cries for help.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**ROOM - DAY - INT.**

Florence is wrapped in a blanket. She trembles. She's cold. She stutters a name. Bram is talking excitedly with the captain of the boat.

**CAPTAIN OSCIS**

Gentlemen, please calm down, there is no one with that name among the passengers.

(he exhibits the list)

Maybe Mrs. Stoker doesn't remember reasonably well. She said that she saw him only once.

**BRAM**

(shouting)

My wife didn't have any hallucination! You should supervise your ship properly otherwise..

**IRVING**

... we will point out what happened to the big guys... understand?

Leo comes in the room and the captain gives him a shove with his shoulder while he came out.

**LEO**

There's no young man, no passenger mirrors your description. There are

couples, three lonely aged man and  
a young woman with a kid.

# **FLORENCE**

He can't disappear in this manner.

She looks at her husband who is still observing  
the list of passengers with perplexity.

**CUT TO:**

# **NEXT DAY**

**(1880) REGHIN - DAY - EXT - WIND - COLD**

The dark carriage leaves from the quay passing  
through the little snowy city. Secretary ETHICUS  
is a frail but elegant man with a considerable  
hunchback. He's sitting between Leo and Florence.  
He doesn't talk a lot but his English is perfect.  
His guests have two layers of blankets over their  
legs.

# **ETHICUS**

My owner has given me clear  
instructions in order to make your  
journey as comfortable as possible.  
These regions are very cold and  
unwelcoming.

(He looks out of the window and  
shouts to the driver in Romanian)

Good fellow! Andrei, please slow  
down, or we're going to leave ours  
feathers behind ...

(the passengers hear a Hooo! Baaa!  
And the carriage decelerates)

Florence feels that Leo is observing her so she  
pretends to read. Bram talks with Irving about  
the landscape.

**LEO**

So Mr. ETHICUS How long does it take to get to the castle?

**ETHICUS**

Two days and one night in a clean inn, these areas don't offer comfortable hotels like those in the city. The Prince apologizes for this inconvenience. Everything has already been paid, you won't have anything to worry about during your stay here.

ETHICUS takes some small glasses from a bag, he fills them up with some "Tuica", a local brandy, and encourage all his guests to drink.

"Hurry up!" he says in Romanian.

Leo coughs. Bram opens his eyes wide. Florence ticks in a handkerchief and the only one who's satisfied is Irving who stretches his glass for a second round.

**IRVING**

The Prince is waiting for us?

Ethicus tops another glass up for Irving who drinks it up.

**ETHICUS**

Yes. Tomorrow he will join you for dinner. He is not used to have guests. He has made an exception for you.

Bram glances back at Irving. Florence admires the steep landscape and the mountains height in the distance.

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) CARPATHIAN - WOOD - SNOW- NIGHT -EXT.**

With a backpack Peter and Draco continued to walk through the woods. They follow a small path that spans a stream.

**PETER**

(massaging his aching shoulder)  
Why here? Why is this place so special? When will  
Florence arrive?  
(He check the messages on the mobile phone and  
smiles- he quickly answers)

**DRACO**

There are almost a thousand  
kilometers of tunnels under the  
three mountains in front of your  
eyes. Is she answering you?

**PETER**

Sorry, who?  
(he puts the mobile phone in his  
pocket)

**DRACO**

There's no need to be human to  
understand certain things, it is  
normal for a couple, so what's her  
name?

**PETER**

Zaia, but you won't appreciate her  
last name.

**DRACO**

But you like it, that's the most  
important thing, and her surname  
can't infect or kill us, right?

Peter stops.

**PETER**

She is Zaia Van Helsing.

Silence. No remarks. No reactions. Nothing.



She is not like her father. You  
should meet her ... Oh!

Peter badly places his foot and slides along the  
slope. Draco tries to hold him but he falls too.  
They both tumble down the slope.

**LATER**

**(2013) WOOD - DARK - SNOW - EXT.**

Peter swallows the snow that came into his mouth,  
he then turns and coughs. He turns his head, his  
good hand touches Draco's shoulder. He turns his  
head.

"It was time for you to do it, right?"  
(he smiles showing his fangs)

Peter is shocked, he tries to turn around and..  
he opens his eyes. It was a dream. Draco is  
standing and watching the lights that fall and  
rise like a carousel in the distance. Peter  
retrieves his mobile phone, he cleans it and gets  
up.

(DRACO V. O)

Here we are in hell, a merry  
carousel of cannibals and harmful  
lights. They are devouring the  
whole world and soon they won't do  
it only during the night but also  
during the day, if they are strong  
enough, they won't be afraid of the  
daylight ...

**PETER**

(gets up bruised)  
When I thought I was dying, I  
realized that I had never tried to  
understand you. I thought you were  
rich and sick people and this money  
was always very useful.

They hear a shot. Another shot. Peter starts  
running.

**PETER**

Go, the dawn is rising and the globes are not our only problem.

**DRACO**

We'll go together! We'll deal with Cal as soon as we enter inside the tunnel. That's my home and I know how to behave.

Peter looks at the summit. They keep on shooting. A distinct howl comes from the woods.

**DRACO**

They are killing the wolves thinking they're like us. Look for a shelter.

Peter starts climbing. The shoulder pain becomes overwhelming. He opens his backpack, takes a syringe and injects it into his arm. A grimace of pain. Then he continues on his way staring at the light globes that are becoming more and more numerous. The wolves continue to howl. Peter writes to Cal. A miter stifles all the howling. Silence. The globes continue to fall down. Something is burning in the distance. It's the small town at the feet of the mountain.

**FADE TO:**

**(1880) DRACO'S CASTLE - AUTUMN - SUNSET- INT.**

All the guests walk along dark corridors, up to a half open door, led by the master of the house. They all come into a circular library, eight meters high and full of volumes and papyrus. DRACO shows them some ancient documents. There's also the legendary Vlad in the midst of a battle, skewering the enemy with his spear. Bram opens his notebook and takes notes. Florence, focuses on the few details that depict an ancient prince hidden in an armor. Florence observes the painting and the Crown Prince - they're identical, even for the visible scars on their face.

**IRVING**

(excited)  
oh my goodness!!!! How many books!  
So you love reading?

**DRACO**

Knowledge has nothing to do with  
God, but rather with human  
ambition.

**IRVING**

I think that one lifetime won't be  
enough to read them all. What about  
you?

**DRACO**

Sometimes I need to read not  
necessarily to learn something, but  
just to feel alive.

(Florence feels a chill running  
along her back and she looks at  
Draco. Draco looks at her)  
Since the moments of despair  
outnumber those of well-being, I  
would say that we all have time  
enough time to read.

Leo turns around the room looking at the last row  
of books on the top.

Look at those titles! How many  
first editions! A perfect  
collection. You are the luckiest  
man on the planet and probably the  
most cultured one. *The writer,  
defies death and the reader becomes  
immortal for a moment!*

DRACO gets imperceptibly behind Leo. Leo gasps.  
DRACO smells him trying to remain unnoticed by  
the others. He drives him to some Chinese  
treaties exhibiting some paintings. Leo is  
impressed. Satisfied, DRACO reaches Florence who  
moves away. Disappointed, he continues caressing  
some texts.

**ALEXANDER**

(hypnotizes with his cold eyes)  
Perfection is a long investigation  
into the human spirit. Learning  
more is almost a duty.

(he reads looking at Florence)

I burn. I don't hide my fire. I  
illuminate the streets for monsters  
who are afraid of man and I love  
watching people who trembles for  
love because no one is that great,  
in front of the only perfect thing.

**IRVING**

But you're an artist!

**BRAM**

(answers back)

All the roads are imperfect and I  
don't know men who don't dedicate  
themselves to become so, we should  
accept the imperfection as a prize  
of a struggle not only against the  
Evil, but especially against  
ourselves. Not a single way leads  
to Eden without first stepping in  
Hell.

**DRACO**

Eminent Professor, I agree with you  
on this issue.

(he stares at Florence) However,  
there are things that capture men  
even further than faith and  
science.

**LEO**

I don't know them. Which things are  
you referring to?

**DRACO**

(observing Florence)  
Love.

**LEO**

(ironically looks at Florence)  
Then I'm perpetually in love.

**DRACO**

Do you practice science Sir?

**LEO**

I occasionally take delight in playing with my preparations.

**IRVING**

Dear Prince my friend is harmless and his passion for the dancers of the Lyceum overtakes quite a lot his interest for science.

DRACO smiles.

**DRACO**

And you Madam, what do you think about science?

Florence faces the window. Her eyes gaze upon the cliff. She feels dizzy, but the Prince lengthen his stride to support her. She feels the icy hands of that man. They look at each other.

**FLORENCE**

I believe that the Man is too ambitious to be satisfied only by love. Man perceives the faith only in a moment of need and I don't think that science can lead him to perfection, there is nothing out there that can satisfy him if the spirit is not unpretentious or likely to accept even some failures.

**LEO**

(stares at her)

Well-told. Today women are brave and above all, they're clever enough to easily compete with any man.

**BRAM**

But we prefer to consider them as fragile beings as it is with men's weakness that women reigns with a stronger principle than that of any book.

**DRACO**

Well-told dear friend! I agree in considering the Woman a superior being with a strong intellect able to hold any man's own, since she's richer in sensitivity and spirit.

**IRVING**

Are you married Sir?

**DRACO**

I've been fascinated by many women  
but none could stand me.

(The men laugh.)

My life is a constant search for a  
model of perfection that certainly  
doesn't exist in me and that I  
should stop requiring from someone  
else.

**FLORENCE**

It 'a beautiful day. I'll go out!

**DRACO**

I can't leave the castle during  
the day. Business issues, you know  
... but you may find the wood and  
the picturesque village very  
interesting. If you would allow me,  
I will let Ethicus at your disposal  
and Dora will serve the lunch.  
She's mute but smart. She will  
understand you. She is much more  
sociable than it seems.

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) CARPATHIAN WOODS - RIVER- DAY - EXT.**

Peter wakes up. His frozen hands open the  
backpack and find the syringe. He pushes it in  
the thigh then he throws it in the snow. Pain  
complains. The lights continue to fall on the  
distant city raising columns of black smoke. He  
stares at the mountain summit, he puts his cap  
right on his head, unwraps a Big Babol, grabs a  
gun and walks with a limp. He picks up a branch  
using it as a walking stick. Voices in the  
distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

**CARPATHIAN MOUNTAIN ROAD - ICE DAY - EXT.**

An off-roading caravan. Slippery uphill road. Percy Holmes seems satisfied, and drums with the gloves on his knees bothering his two travel companions quite a lot. The driver is Romanian but he loudly sings a song by Snow Patrol. The drivers focuses on the lights in the sky.

**PERCY HOLMES**

You have only a few hours of freedom left Mr. I'll burn everything down!

**DRIVER**

(in a bad English)  
Did you say something Sir?

(then he continues in Romanian)

These Brits don't even have a complete cop to send, now they're using the half-formed ones, that's a business without any advantage ...

(he yawns and continues in a bad English)

Lights have reached this place too. Everything has been devastated.

**PERCY HOLMES**

Because that way, Man will stop considering himself as the only predator.

**DRIVER**

but aren't you afraid Sir?

**PERCY HOLMES**

I'm a cop and I deal with criminals. The soldiers will deal with lights or aliens.

**COP**

Detective what do we do if we meet Cal?

**PERCY HOLMES**

We capture him and if the planes are not all burnt down, we bring him back home. If it was impossible to complete that task, I think that it will be more dignified for him to die. His Majesty is not sacrificing his children for suicide missions, not today. Patrol the area and pay attention to the little girl. Don't shoot the daughter!

He will probably use her as a shield.

**COP**

In this case?

**HOLMES**

Futz is the second best shooter of England, he will shoot a bullet between his eyes. That's that.

**Cop**

Who is the first one?

**HOLMES**

(staring at the shiny tip of his shoes)  
Me. Of course.

**DISSOLVE TO:****(1880) CASTLE- Int. - DINNER**

FLORENCE yawns and leaves the table still generously loaded with food and drinks. She greets everyone and Bram asks to play along with her. She refuses. Draco gets up and exhort his guests to continue. Ethicus orders Dora to serve some more wine.

**DRACO**

(goes out)  
May I come with you?

**FLORENCE**

Don't bother to come, I know the way.



**DRACO**

Would it be inappropriate to ask you why you accepted my invitation?

**FLORENCE**

I'm running away from a world that repudiates the good as if it was plague.

**DRACO**

Mrs. Balcombe, we're all running away from something or someone.

**FLORENCE**

Stoker, my last name is Stoker.

(Draco bows to her excusing himself.)

Please forgive me. I didn't mean to offend you. Some customs in England are so stereotyped that they have forgotten common decency.

The woman touches the creeks of the dark marble columns. Under the layer of her gloves, she senses the cold granite. Draco perceives her shiver with a sense of satisfaction.

**FLORENCE**

I've never really thought that men may be afraid of something.

**DRACO**

(he walks away in the dark)  
Doubt is the real element that destroys the Man, not the fear .  
Running away from an enemy, whose face remains concealed, is less stupid than facing something unfathomable, am I wrong ?

**FLORENCE**

(she's cold)  
Something unfathomable? Women are well-suited for dealing with uncertainty and doubts.

She tries to see Draco, who disappeared. Shadows everywhere. High and cold columns.

**DRACO V.O.**

Women do, but I don't think you do the same. There is something mystical in the tone of your voice, a kind of pursuit of perfection that leads you on the dangerous path of pragmatism. It depends on the luck of being the predator or the prey. Two sides, one coin.

He touched her hand, she turns her head unable to see him.

A door. There is a door between two worlds. Everybody is afraid of opening that door as if living in just one of these worlds was the best thing to do. Perfection is when you accept the coexistence with the other side of reality. Dead or alive, we are all a part of the same thing.

She turns around talking toward all directions, pivoting.

**FLORENCE**

As a woman, I should already be out of this huge but empty house. Should I run away just because I'm facing this daunting darkness alone? I think we're both trapped in the curiosity freed by something unfathomable, like a moth captured by the dangerousness of a steady light.

**DRACO**

Do you fear death Madam? You know, my ancestors have been blamed for witchcraft and this because they fought to the detriment of their own life.

**FLORENCE**

I fear an upper and faulty evil more than death. Death is a service for man, not a torture.

DRACO grabs her by the waist and leads her at six feet from the ground. She stares at the floor, she's scared. She want to get off but she's blocked. DRACO loosen his grip. Florence shouts. He catches her again before she falls on the ground. She inevitably clings to him.

**DRACO**

Evil? My dear, Evil is a denomination without borders and men are the worst torturers of their own soul because they are aware of their inability and limitations.

My personal opinion is that the Man is able to do anything, even to procure himself remarkable misfortunes, often blaming a fate they don't believe in, because they are too intelligent to surrender to the lousy alternative represented by an higher plane that has never been considered. I have nothing to hide.

He shows her the scars on his chest. He observes her reaction. She is shaken.

**DRACO**

I've never known better generals than words, they're able to start a war or a battle for you, keeping it alive for years with the comfort that a word can never die, if it is written, disclosed, or hidden within a legend.

Florence is unable to look. The brutality of the left scars, shows inhuman wounds. She puts her hands over her eyes. He smiles.

**DRACO**

I would be considered as a bad one too, according to many, because I defend myself from the narrow-mindedness of certain beings, while for some others I represent a point of reference. My normal attitude is an endless pursuit of hope, on the other hand, the normal attitude of other beings is simply the survival ...

He observes her. Her eyes, her mouth and her hands that he dragged by him on his heart.

**DRACO**

Aren't you afraid of me? Why you're not you afraid of me?

**FLORENCE**

There are no special reasons. My nature is to accept that life is also made of surprises. You have powers and if someone should discover it, they would hunt you as an animal for shows. I think you have more problems than me.

**DRACO**

You understand me much more than all the intellectuals I've talked to over the years

**FLORENCE**

But if you're not a monster than what are you? What do you want from us? From me?

**DRACO**

(gently)

The only unforgivable thing is the rare circumstance that brought us together, the rest is just an amiable conversation. I am a survivor and you are the reason why I might want to live.

He asks her to lay her head on his chest. She doesn't feel his heartbeat. She strives to move away from him.

**FLORENCE**

The Evil's pleasure in seducing us,  
is not comparable at all to the  
pleasure you have in believing to  
be exempt from it. I would like to  
understand the meaning of all this?  
Why are you persecuting me?

**DRACO**

Madam, It is you that have been  
persecuting me in my dreams for  
ages. You're the woman without  
fear, the woman I've been waiting  
for and that I've never met before.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**1880 - CASTLE - INT. - ROOM - NIGHT**

Florence wakes up sweating. She listens to the  
howl of a wolf. A shadow in the room. A question  
(who is there? Draco comes out of the darkness  
and she looks at him. He invites her. She gets  
up. He hugs her and they dance together.

**DRACO**

(whispers)

It was a dream but if you want, it  
may come true.

**FLORENCE**

You shouldn't be here. I'm married  
and my husband would...

**DRACO**

They are all asleep on their  
chairs. I guess they were very  
drunk and happy.

(he walks to the bed)

Here is the pragmatic woman. It's  
not good to have a perfect romantic  
moment without interferences and  
without the burden caused by words?  
I've been pursuing you since many  
years before you were born. I  
wanted you to be a witness of my  
presence on Earth.

**FLORENCE**

A man doesn't surrender to superficiality if he doesn't have any other purpose. You want me to be as I am and not an easily pliable person. I don't understand and I think that any being that is labeled as a monster, should also deserve such a slander. There are better biographers than me, don't use me with such petty intents.

**DRACO**

(He brushes against her face)  
They all run away from me. I tried. Spirits that manly scare the human race, are those who are candidly hidden in your mind. You are the only one who don't surrender to the pressure of the unknown and to the monstrosity of my features. You have the guts to tolerate me. You inquire instead of running away.  
(he puts his hand against her chest - Florence shudders because of the cold hand)

Try to understand. You inspire me. You don't like me but you know that you're dealing with a unique being. Why don't you run away from me Florence? Why don't you let me dream about you?

**ACT 3****DISSOLVE TO:****(1880) PATH - WINTER - DAY - EXT.**

Florence walks on the snow. She hears a noise. An animal. She turns around. Halfway there's a great ancient cross with many consumed candles. An inscription in Romanian (That's where the Evil doesn't stop).

An old gypsy comes toward her. She has an heavy cloth bag on her shoulder. She let the bag at the foot of the cross, kneeling down.

**ANZIANA V. O.**

(in Romanian)

Leave him, mom, leave him to worms, to devils like him.

(in English)

He devoured our animals, sheeps and even vigorous men.

**FLORENCE**

The Prince is a man. He can't devour other men.

**OLD WOMAN**

(gets up to observe the face of the woman)

He made his nest here, he has killed enemies and has never ceased to reign. The Evil walks along granite paths during the day and inside the forest during the night. Don't stay with him.

**FLORENCE**

I think he's just a man who has inherited the condemnation of his ancestors and if it is not coming from God, but only from other men, it can be unfair.

**ANZIANA**

God has been ignoring him every day since ages. He should beg for faith, but he doesn't, there will be a remedy ...

**FLORENCE**

A noble soul doesn't implore nor can't be seduced by a cult. The fierce one, walks next to his God as an hero and not as a loser. Why would you fix dignity?

The old woman disappears. He's behind her. She turns around, face to face with the creature. The hair that are still covering his body, don't hide all the scars. Florence looks at him. The animal disappears and the man remains in front of her, naked. She looks at the sky and when he comes nearer he puts his hand over her eyes... she stand still, without fear.

**DRACO**

You think I'm good, although I'm an enemy of your race. You don't listen to my enemies and you continue defending me. Why?

**FLORENCE**

You're wrong. My race is not perfect at all and I know men who use the Gods as an excuse to kill innocent people. I don't know who you are, what you're looking for, and how old you are, but I don't care. I respect those who respect me and this freedom has a price that I pay without batting an eyelid.

**DRACO**

You are an unreal creature Florence. Almost a goddess. You just need freedom in order to respect the others, and I envy those who are worthy of your respect.

He turns into a wolf and runs away. Florence wakes up. It's still night. She smiles.

**FLORENCE**

Who is your enemy? In a world of magic, truth is just a lie that flatters your mind?



She closes her eyes. She falls asleep. Draco comes out from the darkness to observe her.

**LATER**

**CASTLE - ROOM INT. - LATE AT NIGHT**

Her husband comes in after knocking on the door. Florence is in the bed. Her pale face stares at the closed door. Her hands pulled the covers to her chin. Bram came in. She think about throwing him out of the room - to be alone with her dreams.

**BRAM**

Good night honey. We discussed then we drank and drank and drank again. I have analyzed unbelievably rare objects and tasted wines so sweet that I lost the sense of time. Only a few days and we'll go back home, but you're tired. This Prince is weird, but very generous. I'll let you sleep.

And he kisses her on the forehead. She whispers something that comforts him. He goes out. She gets out of bed and opened the window, watching the moon, then she throws herself out the window.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**(1880) \_ CARPATHIANS - WOODS- NIGHT - EXT.**

The wolves hunter sees the wolf and aims his rifle. He spits and takes aim.

**HUNTER**

Well done! Don't move. Monsters like you, end up as fur on the shoulders of men like me.

The wolf disappears. The man rubs his eyes. The animal reappears behind him. The hunter realizes his mistake and moves his hand closer to his dagger.

**DRACO**

(Off screen - V.O.)

You know, my little speck of dust,  
I raised armies, I have swept away  
empires and I witnessed to the  
birth of new worlds. I see the  
future, and you won't be a part of  
it.

A long shout. A sound of blood greedily drank.  
The wolf shudders. He starts running in the  
woods. He sits below the castle and absorbs the  
shock of Florence's body.

**FADE IN:****CASTLE - BASEMENT - DARK - INT.**

Florence is suspended above an altar. DRACO is  
hung at the ceiling with open arms. High ceiling.  
She's immobilized. Her head is blocked - she  
stares at the ceiling. He becomes a crow. The  
crow rests on the woman. She turns her head with  
a sense of revulsion. He's back on her - human  
again. She closes her eyes.

**DRACO**

Would you accept this man as an  
humble servant of the feminine  
beauty? Did you have restless  
sleep?

She doesn't open her eyes but it is as if she saw  
him. She remembers the fall.

**FLORENCE**

You drive me to carry on crazy  
actions and then you save me. You  
are a man who lives without any  
difficulty in the modern world and  
yet you surrender to levity with  
simple courtesy. I am not a perfect  
nor a beautiful woman, but you're  
waiting for me to answer questions  
that you would never ask to anyone  
because no one would ever approach  
to your life. You've got powers  
that may be generated only by the  
darkness and a knowledge that outdo  
our intentions. Why would I be so  
useful for you?

She hears a breath into her ear - The breath turns into a voice. Draco's mouth is closed while the voice continues talking into the ear, tasting, sucking and hurting it. Silence. Heart beating.

#### **DRACO**

Life is not a mystery but an often unpleasantly and evil progress of nature. Think about those children who suffer, or about violent storms. Why is it so exciting to see a growing flower, a beautiful woman, a superb work of art? According to the law any man is intended to die, as any other thing of nature. It won't be the same for you.

The woman keeps her eyes closed while the creature smells her before starting tasting her skin.

#### **FLORENCE**

Die leaving a hope to others is not unimportant. Being useful by bringing a hope to those who inherit more important damages than favors granted by the fate. The heart must be conceived as a source of energy and not as a shield. No one can defend us from Evil but someone can escape from a fighting heart and you can't protect me against my desire to die.

Underground. The flashlights are switched on. The creature comes down near Florence. Strong sexual vibration. He fluctuates - she feels like she's touched by tens hands.

#### **DRACO**

(whispering)

People should be afraid of you.

She tries to repulse him by moving her head. He deeply looks at her, he has an incredibly penetrating stare.

**FLORENCE**

Women are to be loved. Not feared.  
Our progeny was born from free will  
and from a comforting agreement  
between two parties.

**DRACO**

Today that agreement fails. You  
have some doubts. If you surrender  
to your desire, it would do justice  
to you anyway.

His mouth comes close to her lips. She surrenders  
with disgust, without realizing that she's  
involuntarily embracing him. Their bodies adhere.  
She has a wound on her lip. He drinks the blood  
coming out from her mouth and from her wound. She  
stares at him horrified.

**FLORENCE**

People surrender only to love. I am  
sure that among us there are  
elements that are strong enough to  
be called attractions but nothing  
that meets love. I see how it is  
insufficient for those who have  
everything, the discovery of small  
things. In a universe so vast which  
kind of God may find comfort in  
counting the grains of sand?

**DRACO**

Obsession turns eternal monsters  
into hungry monsters. You are in my  
life because of a plan contained in  
an absolute destiny that I couldn't  
never control. Your blood flows  
inside me. Florence, your complaint  
says much more ...

She can't resist to that cold and beastly kiss...  
She feels like she has ten hesitant hands  
exploring her body, trying to know every part of  
it..

**FLORENCE**

(Suffocated)

Prince?

He stops. He frees Florence's body. She is bewildered, disoriented, but still standing. She would like to escape and she looks around, so many doors, so many corridors, no certainties.

**DRACO**

Dear flower, the Princes are all dead. We are the only ones left, weak, fragile servants of a country that often forgot those who have been truly devoted. Look at me.

**DISOLVE IN:**

**(1880) VILLAGE - SNOW- DAY - EXT. - ORTHODOX CHURCH**

Some men are hanging skins and fur of sheep out of their homes built with chirpici and hay. Florence walks towards the small church. She comes in. The church is full of icons and some old women are kissing them making at least three times the sign of the cross. A priest with a long black dress and a white beard that touches his leather belt, is singing. After the blessing, that ends up with an amen in chorus, he takes the hand of Florence. He can speak English.

**PRIEST**

(in her ear)

We can't deny hospitality to travelers, but be careful! The Infidel opens his door as easily as when he closes it. There are strong executioners here, hunters who are not afraid of ghosts.

**FLORENCE**

Are you talking about the Prince? Executioners? Why? Isn't he a generous man?

They walk towards the exit. Florence takes a nice breath of fresh air. Too much incense and candles...

**PRIEST**

The Carpathian's heirs rarely show themselves in the village. A lot of guys have disappeared here and we fear that this cursed place can only urge other evils to come. That Cavern belonging to Satan is always empty, always dark. The screams coming from there, scare us.

**FLORENCE**

A castle can neither kill men nor eat them. The wolves are hunters and you and your sheep are sitting ducks during the winter. It's sad to blame a generous man only because he is reserved. I think he has the same concerns about natural enemies that surround you.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**(1880) VILLAGE- GRAY- COLORED SKY - SUNSET- EXT.**

The priest blesses an old woman that makes the sign of the cross as she looks as Florence. The snow starts to fall profusely.

**PRIEST**

(He moves away to avoid being heard)

My dear, you are an intelligent woman and that's may be perceived not only from your clothes but also from your eyes. You're able to reflect and you will soon understand that in some places there's no place for reasoning but only for perceptions.

**FLORENCE**

I thought that a man of faith would safeguard the innocence of a person in a lack of evidences that may reveal him as responsible for certain crimes.

**PRETE**

The sun is setting. It's better for you to come back to the castle, but be careful. The evil may offer many gifts that often hide the poison they contain. I will pray for you. Remember, the war between good and evil is never over. The evil uses the innocents to complete his work.

**FLORENCE**

I will keep in mind your advice.

Before leaving the courtyard, where the priest is making the sign of the cross on his chest for the third time, she feels a voice behind her saying in Romanian: "God may help you." Along the path a man stops her. Florence recognizes him. She runs away.

**VAN HELSING**

(he shows a wolf fur on his shoulders)

You're on my land. He protects you but believe me there is no one to protect him. Run to your lover and tell him that I'll kill him rather soon, I will kill both of you!

**FLORENCE**

(she stops - she turns around)

What do you want from me? We're in the middle of a street, you can't drown me anymore.

**VAN HELSING**

Nothing for today. You are spared. I'm observing all of you. Evil is always generous with his guests and it is contagious. Remember, Madame, that London is a small town and someone like me, don't save his energy if he want to find something ... or someone...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**(1880) UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - CASTLE - INT. DARK**

Florence leaves the room of the great stone tomb and walks through the corridors up to the tortures rooms.

**FLORENCE**

Stop hiding yourself. Is this your world? A world made of death?

He came out from the darkness remaining a shadow, despite the weak mirror of the moon. The shadow glides over the walls, turning into different forms, wolf, raven, bat, or a small fly. The shadow stands behind Florence in an almost human form.

**DRACO**

(low tone of voice)  
Usually I'm more delicate.

FLORENCE covers her eyes and violently throws the flashlight on the ground

**FLORENCE**

Stop being what you're not! If you're not a man, it doesn't matter, but death has to be feared. Everything has an end.

She runs away toward other corridors. She is tired. She regrets being in the middle of that adventure. She calls Bram.

**UNKNOWN (V.O)**

Why do think that I am not like you see me? That I'm not more immortal than time itself?

**FLORENCE**

If the time travel is exhausting, if the universe offers nothing more than repetitions, the constant pursuit can only collapses for infinite times in a vacuum. Beings like are never afraid of anything, but they have stronger weaknesses than death.

**UNKNOWN (V.O)**



For example?

**FLORENCE**

Loneliness

DRACO turns into a human again. He places his hand on his chest trying dramatically to find something that doesn't exist. He wants to destroy her. His temptation extends to a shady hand that grabs her neck from behind, but soon abandons it as if he had been burned.

**DRACO**

Touché!

(sad) Go back to your husband, he's looking for you. The way is well-lighted, up to the salon.

**FLORENCE**

Can we go back home?

**DRACO**

So you've decided.

(sorry)

In two days. There is nothing that may keep you here? Prestige? Wealth? Immortality?

He looks in her eyes.

**FLORENCE**

If I hated you, I'd stay.

**DRACO**

But you neither hate me nor love me.

**FLORENCE**

I simply resist, like flowers in winter, like leaves in the wind, like a roof in a storm.

He approaches her. Florence is nervous, but he only kisses her hand then he quits.

**DRACO**

You have taught me that everything must lead to a respectable end,

even resistance. So it is not a closed door right?

Florence looks at him while he walks away. She bites her lip.

**FLORENCE**

Oh, I almost forgot, Van Helsing said that he will kill both of us.

**DRACO (V. O.)**

(far away)

First he must find a way to live longer. You're free Mrs. Stoker, free to choose who you want to be with and remember that I'll never choose between you and not dying as a monster .

**(1880) - HUNGARY - RIVER - BOAT - INT. DAY**

Florence looks at the river. She observes her face reflected by the water. The men laugh warming themselves up with some hot and spiced wine.

**LEO**

I'm excited. I've got a lot of new ideas and a sample of the Prince's ancestor blood! I'll enjoy myself in London!

**BRAM**

He has apparently taken his job seriously. Henry we must take this boy on vacation more often.

**IRVING**

We'll see. I think he will forget everything as soon as he'll touch the soft arms of one of his beloved.

**LEO**

You're absolutely wrong. I mean to study this legend and to elaborate some evidences and he touches something in his pocket.

The boat crosses another vessel and Florence observes the man who's stares at her from the railing.

**FLORENCE**

It's him! Look! He will follow us  
up to London.

**BRAM**

Who? Where?

The man greets her, he turns around and  
disappears over the cabins.

**LEO**

(looks at Florence)  
Who? What have you seen?

**FLORENCE**

Nothing. Excuse me.  
I've seen a ghost.

**LEO**

(Amused, he passes a glass of red  
wine in Florence.)  
It's invigorating. The journey is  
often stressful and our Miss  
Florence has experienced several  
adventures.

Leo suddenly becomes serious and stares at the  
man's face looking at him from the porthole of  
his cabin with a smile.

**DISSOLVE TO:****(1937) LONDON - HOUSE- INT. - SPRING- NIGHT**

The hand of an elderly woman writes the last  
words in the notebook and then she closes it. She  
gets up. She opens the door and faces the hallway  
of the house. A waitress smiles and wishes her a  
good night's sleep. Florence smiles and turns off  
the lights in the hallway of the house.

**FLORENCE**

(goes back to the window talking to  
herself)  
They're all dead.  
(The pane reflects the image of an  
old woman )  
Now we can go.

She wears her white gloves and loosens the long, white hair are falling to her waist. She turns off the light and goes back to the window.

**UNKNOWN (V. O.)**

You don't love me

**FLORENCE**

(whispers)

I get it. I've been thinking about it during all these years. I understood why. I don't ... but something in here ...

(and shows the heart)

It has been waiting for a long time and it resists.

She stares at the window standing. She's 78 years old but is she's still beautiful. Proud. The mouth of a cold being leans to her neck. A slight moan. She closes her eyes, leaves her arms hanging at her sides and falls to the ground. She dreams. Pictures of worlds, mountains, deserts, future and present.

**DRACO (V. O)**

I couldn't allow the only one who wasn't afraid of me and who doesn't desired me, independently from my shapes, neither for my wealth nor for my charm, to abandon the universe forever.

They go out in the street then they leave floating over the city.

**FLORENCE (V. O.)**

There are some things, not quite all, that remain within us until the end. Wanting to be one's self, has a price at any time whether you're on the side of the prey or on that of the hunter. I paid and I respected my role. But I want to know how does it feels to be free. We're going remove a bit of mold from this old world

**DRACO (V. O.)**

And how would you do it?

**FLORENCE**

Being with you, after all the future is obscure even for powerful people. It will be fun to live always looking forward rather than back. Together.

**DRACO**

Together... sounds strange.

**FLORENCE**

If a bizarre creature says that, anything is possible.

**DRACO**

I have a lot of enemies.

**FLORECE**

If they are not women, they won't be dangerous.

**DISSOLVE**

**(1935) - PARIS - RUE LOHMOND - DAY - INT.**

An old man is caressing a little white mouse. The young man at his side shakes his shoulder as he stares at the small fluorescent tablet.

**VAN HELSING**

Fancy that! Dear Leo, you've been able to encapsulate life in a, how to say, in a "candy".

(puts it in his mouth and swallows  
- fixes the mouse)

How old is he?

**LEO**

he's thirty-five.

(he stares at something under the  
microscope.)

Extraordinary, isn't it?

**VAN HELSING**

(he picks up the mouse)  
The formula old boy?

**LEO**

Right about here.  
 (indicating his head)  
 Look out, she's pregnant.

Van Helsing approaches the counter and takes the bottle of pills.

**VAN HELSING**

Is this the only one?

**LEO**

It has costed a pretty penny.  
 Including the silence.

**VAN HELSING**

It was not a question of money. We already knew that someone would have asked for something more to be silent. Immortality without witnesses.  
 (and snaps the neck of the mouse)

Leo is going to scream but he looks at the red spot on his chest. He falls with his head on the microscope and a knife in his back.

**FADE TO:**

**(1937) LONDON - DAY - STOKER'S HOME - INT.**

The young hand of Van Helsing turns over the last page of Florence's diary. He walks into the room and looks at the body lying on the ground with empty sockets turned toward the ceiling. He turns her head. He gets up. He exits the house and looks at the sky. He smiles.

**CUT TO:**

**(2013) CARPATHIAN - WOOD - SNOW - EXT. DAY**

Zira comes out faltering and chilled, from the dense woods. In the skies there are fighting and hunting flocks that descend and ascend in a crazy way. She walks hesitant and looks back. She's scared. Peter goes on a hundred feet away, uphill.

**ZIRA**

(she shouts - she bites all her  
fingers- she's scared)  
Peter?

Peter turns himself.

**ZIRA**

Peter?

Peter sees her. He goes on. He begins to go down.  
He runs towards her.

**ZIRA**

No! Stop!  
(She beckoned him in with her finger)  
Look!

Her chest is tied to an explosive device. She  
moves back.

**PETER**

(He screams desperately)  
Zira?! Zira! No!! Stop! I'm coming!!!!

**ZIRA**

Go away! Run!!!!  
(V. O. crying)

"You don't have to die."

**Peter**

Noo!!!!

**ZIRA**

He'll kill me anyway. Please.

(in a low voice)  
Please don't come here.

Peter runs toward her.

**ZIRA**

Please. Call your father. He'll  
know ...

With her eyes full of tears, she stops on a trunk  
as a votive statue.

**CAL**

Zira don't you dare betray me!

**ZIRA**

(softly)

No, I wouldn't even dream about it!

And she puts her hand to the wire connected to the explosive, she stares at him in tears pantomiming the words " I love you"

**PETER**

Zira nooooo! Noo! Don' do it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Peter runs but it's too late. Zira closes her eyes. Draco comes out of nowhere and pulls out the explosive belt. Zira falls to the ground. The blast invests Draco who is sunburned. Peter drags him under a tree and covers him with all of his clothes remaining bare-chested. He digs a hole with his hands and slides his father's burned body into it, then he runs towards Zira who is very shaken.

(A gunshot!)

Peter falls a few meters from Zira with his head on the snow. Zira shouts desperately hugging him. Draco comes out of his burrow, made of snow, with his face covered with rags. He's completely disfigured, burned. Cal orders his men to surround Peter and his daughter, and under fire, he approached Draco who gets his son off the ground.

**CAL**

We're both monsters Draco. Two rotten bodies that have miraculously generated some heirs. We don't have an heart. We have nothing but love for death.

**ZAIA**

(desperate)

Please, don't hurt him anymore.

(She gets up to go to his father, but Draco's burned and mutilated hand stops her.)

He'll kill you!



(He shakes her hand behind his back protecting her with his body.)

**DRACO**

(aloud)  
You're going to kill your daughter?

**CAL**

There is a price for everything and if to kill you, I will have to kill her, then I'll do it! A great sacrifice for a greater purpose.  
Zaia kill him!

Draco turns amazed toward Zaia who holds a dagger in her trembling hand.

**ZAIA**

I want to save Peter!

But she drops the dagger, and his father shoots her. Draco pushes her to the ground and protects her with his son's body.

**DRACO**

(advances angered)  
I'll kill you and I'll suck those worms that keep alive every sap and every drop of your blood.

**CAL**

Maybe you should have done it before.  
You know what I did to Florence?  
Her name was Florence right? Don't you know?  
I put my penis into her severed head and you had to see your bitch! she has appreciated it so much that she has never stopped laughing, yes, laughing! Haa! Haaa! What a joke. She laughed and I enjoyed myself! Haaaaa!

He holds his belly aching for the laughter with both hands.

I'm sorry but these sweet memories should return (when he wipes the

tears around the eyes) more often  
to my mind.

**DRACO**

The more you are self-confident,  
the more you become succulent.  
You're just a meal, a poor  
miserable meal for an immortal.

**CAL**

I could try to enjoy myself with  
your head too, to convey you a bit  
of life, ha! A bit of life!!  
Haaaaaaaaaaa! You will become my  
girlfriend, a little decrepit, but  
still a novelty, right?  
Ha!!!!!!!!!!!! Ha, ha, ha, haaa,  
haaaaa!

Draco looks at the rise and begins to run with  
the bodies of Peter and Zaia towards the entrance  
to the tunnel. Cal yells his man to follow him.  
Shots. In the sky some lights are approaching.

**CAL**

Stop him!!! Don't let him go inside  
that fucking tunnel!

Cal grabs the gun to one of his men who falls  
head over heels to the ground and aims to Peter  
and Zaia's bodies. He fires two shots. Zaia is  
wounded in the arm while Peter receives the  
second shot into his back.

Perfect! Two birds with one stone!.

Draco enters the caves. He ties Zaia's wound with  
the cloth of his hood. He lays his child who's  
still bleeding on the ground and listens to his  
weak breath. The eyes of Peter turn to Zaia who  
hugs him. He tries to talk but the only thing  
that came out from his mouth was the blood. Draco  
moves Zaia away, he grabs his son's head, he  
takes his hands, he then closes his eyes and  
bites him. Outside some lights pounced on  
mercenaries. Gunshots and screams. Draco cuts the  
vein of his neck and puts his own blood in the  
mouth of his dead son. He takes Zaia's hand  
placing it on Peter.

"he needs you!"

He can hardly move his burned lips.

She gets up and goes back toward the entrance of the tunnel. He's completely disfigured. Cal, who's already inside the tunnel, runs towards him.

**CAL**

Come and kill me fucking bastard!

**DRACO**

(softly)

I'm on my way!

A light behind Draco. Draco gives a start.

You?

(Florence V. O. )

Me.

Now you're one of my enemies. Have you always been? Now I understand.

(Florence V. O.)

They sent me to kill you and then you know ...  
That's what you'll have to do ...

**(2013) CARPATHIAN - LATER - EXT - DAY - STREET**

The cars stop and all the soldiers jump out with their weapons ready to fire. The driver sets the sling on Holmes's body. The men stare at him.

**HOLMES**

I have an iron rod, so what?  
Don't make me waste my time and  
let's catch these killers. Shoot if  
they shoot at you. We're not  
looking for prisoners.

(softly)

I can lead to Yard some corpses  
too. Futz?

**FUTZ**

Yes, Sir!.

**HOLMES**

You're still able to use your rifle properly, right?

**FUTZ**

Absolutely, why?

**HOLMES**

Because even if I'm a decent shooter, I'm a terrible athlete.

(He shows him the harness)

**FUTZ**

William Sir! And you don't have anything different from us. But I'll be by your side because you may save my life.

**HOLMES**

(astonished)

Thanks, William.

**DRIVER**

Sir, I'll be waiting in this clearing. For all eventualities (he gives him a walkie talkie).

Holmes looks at his twenty man and grabs his rifle from the car.

**HOLMES**

Ready for the hunt?

(He takes the dogs from the last car)

**ALL THE SOLDIERS TOGETHER**

Yes, Sir!

**HOLMES**

Let's go toward the woods. Don't remain alone and don't act like heroes, I've promised to your women that I would have taken you back home. Protect your dogs as if they were your children! Don't shoot the little girl! He has certainly brought her here for a reason and we will discover what is hidden among these mountains.

**(2013) CARPATHIAN - LATER - EXT - DAY - MOUNTAIN ENTRY**

Gunshots in the distance. Voices of men and barking. Explosions of grenades. Some fighter-bombers speed in the sky.

**CAL**

Let's do it with bare hands. A monster against another monster.

(he swallows the latest pills from a bottle that is then dropped down)

**DRACO**

Apparently it's your lucky day. Come out!

**CAL**

(astonished)  
Under the sun?

**DRACO**

Under the sun of our last day.

Cal runs toward the exit and he saw Draco standing, no longer disfigured. He's just a man.

**CAL**

How did you do?

**DRACO**

(ironically)  
I think I have experienced a miracle.

**CUT TO:****BEFORE - CAVE - INT. - DAY**

Draco is in the cave with Florence. Florence wraps Draco with the light sucking all his powers through the blood. Florence's light turns red, she approaches to Peter and then to Zaia. The light escapes from the tunnel.

**FADE TO:**

**(2013) CARPATHIAN - WOOD - SUNSET - EXT.**

Cal pounced on Draco. They both fall on the snow. Cal's dagger perforates Draco's stomach. Draco gets up with difficulty. He touches his wound and tastes the blood of a human being. He lunges on Cal.

**V. O. CAL**

I will remain immortal and you will die. My treatment has worked and will continue to work for long.

**DRACO**

I won't let you destroy this planet. The monsters era is over!

On its last legs Draco catches Cal's head while his enemy continues to stab him and he sees his son at the entrance of the cave, alive, standing with Zaia on his side. He smiles and when the last stab wound reaches this heart (image of the heart pierced by the tip of the dagger) he snatches Cal's head from the body.

**PETER**

(from the cave)  
Dad!

Draco turns wonderingly. Peter runs toward the bodies of two the men and raises his father's head to talk to him.

**DRACO**

Thanks. I just wanted to die as a man and not as a monst..

He dies.

Peter shouts.

A red light approaches to him. He hears some noises (Nothing is real and nothing to get hung about.

Strawberry fields forever ... )

**PETER**

Florence?

**FLORENCE**

Now you can call me mom.

**PETER**

He ... I didn't want things to go this way.

**FLORENCE**

He has saved us all.

**PETER**

(he cries)

I didn't had the time to...

**FLORENCE**

In his own way he loved you immensely. I has always knew you were better than us and that you would have saved the world from the worst human monsters. Do you know how it will be for you?

**PETER**

No.

(he cleans his eyes with the palm of the hand)

What I've become.

(he looks at his hands)

**FLORENCE**

You were dying and your father couldn't let you go. You'll see that it will be easier than you think.

**PETER**

I will have to kill in order to eat?

**FLORENCE**

We are in 2013! You will feed yourself with blood transfusions, you'll travel into the future and improve them all.

**PETER**

And now?

**FLORENCE**

I have to appeal all the lights at the center of the mountain, all without exceptions. They are greedy

of energy and vindictive but if they'll find me through word of mouth, gossip in other words, these things work like a jungle tam-tam.

**PETER**

How would you do it? There would be millions of them out there, and around the planet.

**ZAIA**

(tightening the wound)

Maybe I know how to do it, if your mother decides not to devour me.

(Florence V. O.)

"Take care of him!"

(she cares her wound)

**PETER**

No! You can't leave me too!

Not again.

**FLORENCE (V. O.)**

I must lead them to Draco's form, there is a power station, it's switched off but I might start it so they will fry without any escape. I haven't been able to hug you but for us you were like a miracle and you will continue monitoring this world full of enemies.

**PETER**

I don't want to lose anybody else,  
I don't want to suffer anymore ...

**FLORENCE**

We're proud of you and if I had an heart in my chest, he would have breathed just for you. Now let's deal with the lights, let them reach the entrance, they will sniff my blood which more powerful than their and for them it will be like honey, an uncontrollable recall . Continue until they call the other lights by themselves and then hide yourself under the snow. When they'll become an avalanche you'll start to run, they won't mind you.



**PETER**

(to Zaia)

She could devour the world but she chooses to save it. It's their all in ...

Several lights begin to fall. Zaia grits his teeth for the pain. She takes a breath. She sings. Her sound is jarring and more intense than a siren. Her strong and long sharp calls the lights that enter the tunnel. Peter covers Zaia's ears who takes a long breath to shout with all his might. Hundreds of lights reacted to this signal, some stops in front of them showing the monster hidden in their aura and then fades away to follow the others. Zaia stops shouting but the lights keep coming and slip into the tunnel. From the depths of the tunnel they hear a kind of whisper.

(Farewell Peter!)

**DISSOLVE TO:****(2013) CARPATHIAN - SUNRISE- EXT**

The voracity of the lights in wanting to get in, pushes the kids to run down the mountain. They dig a hole at the foot of a tree.

"Farewell Peter!"

The mountain explodes.

The soldiers are fighting against Cal's men on the slope.

**SOLDIER 1**

(glued to Holmes binoculars)

There are two guys up there Sir!

(pointing his finger at them)

**HOLMES**

Futz! Someone have to go and save them!

**SOLDIER 1**

Wait! They're digging a hole in the snow .

**FUTZ**

I'll go Sir. Don't move from here.

**HOLMES**

(he looks at his iron harness)  
Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere.

The ground shakes violently. Trees and boulders roll from the top. A roar and an explosion. The top of the mountain rises a light that exceeds the sky.

**HOLMES**

(shouts)  
Attention! Take refuge! Everybody down!

**SOLDIER 1**

(shouts)  
Everybody down!

The soldiers and Holmes are caught up in a cloud of snow and debris. The light goes out. Dark. Dust. Ashes.

**FADE TO:****CARPATHIAN - EXT - NIGHT**

Over the rocks of the collapsed mountain Peter embraces Zaia. The sky is clear and the stars still shine. Peter's hand rummages into his pants pocket and opens a Big Babol. He puts it inside his mouth and he chews. He remember its taste. His eyes stares at Zaia's wound. The vampire's eyes catches fire. Then they dampens. Hard to control. Peter unwrap another Big Babol and hums (stawberriers fields forever ...)

**ZAIA**

(painful)  
Are you sure to be immortal? I mean, you don't seem to be...

**PETER**

(blows a huge bubble)  
I'm noticing that the limbo grants us the pleasure of old habits.

**ZAIA**

If you were still human what would you do?

**PETER**

I would like to have a baby with you and to become an architect.

**ZAIA**

(he leans his head on her shoulders)  
Why?

**Peter**

There is a world out there, and also a small house for an unusual new family, that have to be rebuilt  
....

**ZAIA**

But I'm not immortal.

**PETER**

(raises his eyebrows ironically)  
But you'll become sweetheart,  
you'll become ...

(he shows her the bottle of  
fluorescent pills )

Life is a short holiday from  
immortality.

It's snowing. A small globe of light escapes from the ruins. Holmes pulls his head out of the snow. One of the dogs licks his face.

**HOLMES**

Is everyone alive? Futz? William?

A flashlight. An hand grabs him by the shoulder and pulls him up

**FUTZ**

Detective, welcome back among us. I have sent a team to look for the kids. If it wasn't an atomic bomb then what was that?

**HOLMES**

(looking around)  
Who knows. Now let's recover the living ones. Someone will have to explain us what the hell has happened here!

**FUTZ**

There are rocks everywhere it will be a long job. Cal's men?

**HOLMES**

If they're here, we'll find them.

**FUTZ**

I'm going to give an helping hand.  
Wait here.

Futz moves away trying to light up the destroyed nature with his flashlight.

**HOLMES (V. O.)**

You know William?  
(Futz turns himself and points the flashlight on Holmes)  
I ruined my new shoes, more than five hundred pounds, go figure!

**FUTZ (V. O.)**

A real tragedy Sir, that's a real tragedy.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**

